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EVERY FRIDAY.

Two Pence.

OFFICIAL PROGRAMMES OF THE BRITISH BROADCASTING COMPANY.

For the Week Commencing
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3rd.

LONDON	CARDIFF
ABERDEEN	GLASGOW
BIRMINGHAM	MANCHESTER
BOURNEMOUTH	NEWCASTLE

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WHAT'S IN THE AIR?

Ancient Wit and Wireless Wisdom

By J. C. W. REITH, Managing Director of the B.B.C.

"EACH man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." The more one helps oneself to plum pudding, the less there is left for the rest of the family. It is the same with almost all the "good things" of this earth. Money, land, houses, even food and clothes; these are limited in quantity, and when the first comers, or the best fighters, or the hardest workers, or the cleverest have helped themselves, those who come after are apt to go short or do without.

Wireless is an amazing exception to the above. One may have an insatiable appetite for wireless. One may fill oneself with concerts, lectures, news, children's hours, and so on. But no one can corner them. One may sit every evening in the vicinity of the loud speaker, or glued to the headphones, scowling at anyone who speaks above a whisper, smiling expansively every now and again at the carpet; one may induce similar employment in others, even scatter the infection broadcast till all the neighbours and acquaintances do likewise. But—

(Those asterisks were necessary there.) But much gluttony for wireless will not make any difference in the amount of audible treasure still available for others; no, not if a hundred million be listening.

I think this point is interesting. It is an apparent reversal of the universal law: "The more I take, the less is left for you"—the legacy of the hindmost to the devil.

Is there something more in it still? The influence of wireless generally is being much talked of nowadays. Can it also be the exponent to millions of people of new views of life, new possibilities in human relationships? Is it

destined to be an effective teacher to the human race of the revolutionary truth that in the sphere of the things which are best—and music is among these—there is no shortage, nor ever can be? That no matter how much any individual takes there is no diminution of the total?

In these highest spheres there would appear to be an astounding abundance. In our daily round we are always coming against shortages. Shortage of work, of houses, of food, of money. Elsewhere infinity of light and of all things which are lovely and satisfying to eye and ear, to mind and heart.

Which thing may be a sort of parable. Quite a lot of the bother we endure may be caused by adherence to the maxim with which I began. May not wireless with its wonder and its prodigality of supply lead to the consideration of another sort of spirit for all our affairs, something in the line of:—

"A man there was, though some did count him mad,
The more he gave away, the more he had?"

I believe it does. Anyhow, there is an opening for somebody to pursue a course of philosophic inquiry in the matter. Here we deal with it as plain men, who, however, cannot help being immensely impressed with the possibilities of wireless as an exponent and illustrator of those great and broad truths on which are based the hopes for the welfare and progress of humanity.

It seems at least to show this: that mankind is a unity, and that the mighty heritage, material, moral, and spiritual, if meant for the good of any, is meant for the good of all. I

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The Weaver Poet of Paisley.

The Story of "Jessie, the Flow'r o' Dunblane." By A. B. Cooper.

SHELLEY tells us that "our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thoughts," and it is certainly true that many of our sweetest songs are associated with sad circumstances. Perhaps in this case of life it is inevitable that it should be so, yet it remains remarkable that so many women immortalized in song should have seemed to care much less for the singer than the world cares for the song itself, and very often bestowed their love elsewhere. It was not otherwise with Robert Tannahill and his "Jessie."

Paisley is proud of Tannahill. The town celebrated the centenary of his birth exactly fifty years ago with great distinction, and probably the majority of its natives consider the best sight in the place to be the gentle poet's statue. Tannahill died on May 17th, 1810, and in this year of 1934 his fame rests on three or four songs, of which "Jessie, the Flow'r o' Dunblane," is perhaps the best.

"JESSIE, THE FLOW'R O' DUNBLANE."

The sun has gaen down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lonely I stray in the rain summer gloaming,
To muse on sweet Jessie, the Flow'r o' Dunblane.

How sweet is the breeze, wi' its soft fauling blossoms!
And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the Flow'r o' Dunblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the Flow'r o' Dunblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusions I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour
If wanting sweet Jessie, the Flow'r o' Dunblane.

As Burns was a ploughman and small farmer, Tannahill was a weaver, and almost all his verses were composed to the click-clack of the shuttle. He had a deal board fixed to his loom-post, and on this lay paper and quill, together with a well-secured ink-bottle, that the poet-weaver might make permanent the stanzas he composed and memorized as he worked.

On the same board often lay a flute, and in the intervals of work he amused himself by hunting up old melodies to which to wed new words, and playing them, for his flute was his great hobby and amusement. For a time he and his brother migrated to Lancashire, the latter settling in Preston and the former in Bolton; but both returned eventually to Paisley. Tannahill seems to have had but one love affair, the object of which his chief biographer, David Semple, names as Janet Tennant,

a native of Dunblane, Perthshire, most of whose life seems to have been spent in Paisley.

Janet Tennant was a little older than her lover, and, perhaps finding him too well content with courtship and little inclined to speak of marriage, she showed favour for another suitor. She would have returned to Tannahill at a word, probably, but the proud and sensitive poet would not speak it, and bade her farewell in indignant rhymes. She died in 1833.

The Final Tragedy.

In 1807 Tannahill published by subscription his "Songs and Poems," and though thereby he gained great popularity and a fame which extended even to London, yet the monetary return for his literary labours was very small, and the gentle, diffident, despondent man seems to have felt a sense of disappointment and neglect.

His letters and his conversation became more and more charged with melancholy. He speaks, for instance, of "the insupportable misery of life." During a short visit to Glasgow he showed unmistakable signs of mental derangement. A friend saw him back to Paisley and apprised his married brothers of his state. Three of them stayed with him until he seemed asleep and settled for the night, and then went to their respective homes.

That was about ten o'clock. About midnight one of them was passing the house, saw the door open, went in to investigate, found the poet's bed empty, and gave the alarm. A little later poor Tannahill's coat was found on the canal bridge. He had gone the way of the lad who "perished in his prime," Chatterton, and died by his own hand.

A Provençal Bull-Fight.

A Talk from Newcastle, by E. Akhurst.

SOME eighty miles north-west of Marseilles lies the little town of Nîmes, famous in Roman times as one of the Baths of the Empire; but now visited by the tourist for a few hours only. The Arena dominates the town, all roads lead to it, as they did in Roman days.

Unlike the Coliseum, the Arena at Nîmes is still used for its original purpose. There, seated on the same stone benches which their Roman ancestors once used, the Nimots go to see a cinema production, to hear a band, to see a theatrical troupe, or a Provençal bullfight.

Man Against Beast.

It is no blood-curdling spectacle, but yet is a thrilling contest of man against beast, with the odds slightly in favour of the latter. The bull, whose horns are padded, wears attached to a string tied between them and hanging down his forehead, a cockade of tri-colour ribbon; and when he is turned loose in the Arena, the men strive to grab this cockade; the winner receiving a money prize varying in value with the experience of the bull.

The spectacle of a Provençal bull-fight once seen is never forgotten. The ancient Arena, ruined in parts seems to swallow the entire population of the city.

In a special box opposite the entrance through which the bull appears sits the president of the games with his heralds and trumpeters, and above him and on either hand are the masses of the spectators.

What's in the Air?

(Continued from the previous page.)

say that broadcasting illustrates this, but more than most other great modern scientific inventions, it goes a powerful long way towards getting the truth realized.

Not only does it send "broadcast" into the air which is universal the things which can edify, enlighten, and entertain, so that all and any may receive without stint and without let or hindrance whatever; it does, or can do, more. Wireless can cast a girdle round the earth; it can bind nations together with bands which are all the stronger because they are invisible.

And as it sends out the things which tend to our personal peace, so it may also come to the aid of the peace which is sought internationally.

But not even personal peace can be found if people oscillate. From such, and from all spark stations, harmonica, and heterodynes—may the Post Office, the Radio Society, and the Chief Engineer deliver us!

The functions of the recently constituted Broadcasting Advisory Board are not yet defined, but the Board is to act in any advisory capacity to the Postmaster-General. It consists of representatives from the Post Office, the Press, the Radio Society of Great Britain, Wireless Manufacturers, the Entertainment Industries, and the B.B.C. Sir Frederick Sykes is Chairman, and there are two other members. The Board will presumably deal specially with questions affecting fresh developments.

Around the Arena is a solid wooden fence some five feet high with a step on the inside, to enable the hard-pressed bull-fighter to leap it easily. Behind this fence or walking about in the Arena are the men who are competing for the prizes.

Snatching the Ribbon.

A loud blast from the trumpet, and the doors opposite the president open and the bull trots out. He stands for a moment, seeming to baw to the applause, then the moving figure of one of his enemies catches his eye, and, head down, tail up, he races across the sand. But his victim is too quick; he has reached the barrier and leaped it, and the disappointed bull shakes his head and turns to look for a fresh enemy. He has not far to seek, they are all round him, each man striving to get into such a favourable position that, when the bull charges, he can side-step and, as the animal flashes past, can, with a swift movement of his left hand, snatch the coveted trophy.

Now the Arena is clear, for the bull has chased all his assailants to the barrier; now he stands for a moment pawing the sand while his enemies advance from all quarters. He charges again, but this time he has met his match; his victim stands and waits, then, just as it seems as if the bull and man must meet, the man jumps aside, his left hand comes up clear between the horns and, as he gets away, he waves the red, white, and blue ribbon triumphantly.

Man Who Made Morse.

***Inventor of a Famous Signalling System.**

ALL listeners are familiar with the scratch-scratch of the Morse code, but how many of them know anything of its inventor?

The man who made Morse was an American, Samuel Morse, who was born in the year 1791. He began his career as an artist, and having finished his education at Yale University, he came to England to study painting. He won, among other distinctions, a gold medal for his first effort in sculpture. Later, he returned to America and became Professor of Arts at New York University.

A Struggle with Poverty.

But apart from art, he was keenly interested in chemistry, particularly electrical chemistry, in which he made many experiments. While on a voyage across the Atlantic, he was attracted by the clumsy methods of signalling in use at that time, and this turned his thoughts in the direction in which he afterwards found fame. He invented a system of magnetic telegraphy in which the message was spelt out in the well-known dots and dashes of the modern Morse Code.

He exhibited this invention to the American Congress and tried in vain to patent his invention in England. Success did not come to him, and for a long time he struggled against poverty. When he had lost all hope, the tide turned in his favour with startling suddenness. At midnight, in the last seconds of the session, Congress voted 30,000 dollars for an experimental telegraph line between Baltimore and Washington.

After this, life became one long triumph for Samuel Morse. His system was adopted in practically every civilized country in the world. Honours, both at home and abroad, were showered upon him. The French Emperor was instrumental in arranging an international present of 400,000 francs, and a bronze statue was erected to him in New York.

BROADCAST EXPERIMENTS AT HIGH ALTITUDES.

MR. WILLIAM LE QUEUX has, with Mr. Max Amstutz, a Swiss wireless expert, been making a series of interesting experiments in receiving British broadcasting at high altitudes in the Alps during the past month. He set up a station at Mürren, at a height of 5,800 feet, in the Bernese Oberland, and upon a seventy-foot twin aerial thirty-five feet above the ground met with a lot of interesting phenomena—especially atmospheric! The set used was a three-valve Telefunken one, the "earth" being to rock. The results showed that in hours of daylight, or even twilight, British stations could not be received clearly by any device or amplification available. But in complete darkness, and more especially in the hour before "closing down," reception was quite as clear as though the set had been within five miles of London.

From the Savoy to the Alps.

Of all the British broadcasting stations, that of Bournemouth gave best results. Next to it came Aberdeen, London third, Newcastle fourth, and Cardiff fifth. Special tests were made with Bournemouth, and one night the Savoy Orchestra relayed to that station could be heard in the dead silence of the Alpine night almost all over the winter sports village of Mürren.

Laughter in Parliament.

A Talk from London, by R. D. S. McMillan.

[Mr. McMillan is the Assistant Editor of "The Birm."]]

WE often hear Parliament referred to as the comedy at Westminster. There is a certain amount of truth in this, for though Macaulay once declared it to be "the most difficult audience in the world," it is also at times the most foolish. Take an M.P. aside and try to make him laugh. It might be a very hard task indeed. But put 400 M.P.'s together in the Commons, and it is apparently the easiest thing imaginable to tickle their risible faculties.

Let me give you instances. If an M.P. knocks his hat off accidentally, the House will go into convulsions of laughter. When members are amused at such an incident you may imagine what happens when some luckless colleague sits down on his hat.

The Sleeper Awakened.

But the real treat for our politicians is when some fiery orator, gesturing wildly, brings his fist sweeping down upon the head of some unsuspecting—perhaps slumbering—colleague on the bench below. You can imagine the feelings of the slumberer, awakened by a rousing thump on the head.

Practical jokes are not unknown at St. Stephen's. It is recorded that a certain M.P. fell asleep in his seat, a not uncommon happening, as you may guess. While he slumbered, some practical joker tied his bootlaces together, and when the member awoke and attempted to walk away, he tripped and fell, and lay prostrate.

M.P.'s Vanished Boots.

A somewhat similar trick was once played upon another sleeper in the Commons. He had retired for a rest, having dined and wine rather well. To add to his comfort, he took off his boots. While he slept, some wag removed his

footwear. The sleeper eventually awoke considerably refreshed, but judge of his surprise when he discovered that his boots were not in the place in which he had put them. Not only that: they were not to be found.

He began to search, and the other M.P.'s, most of whom had by this time been informed of the joke, were treated to the spectacle of the luckless member seeking in every nook and cranny for his missing boots. At last the searcher gave up the quest. He returned to the place where he had slept, and was there astonished to find his boots in the exact position in which he had left them.

It is said that one of the funniest remarks ever made in Parliament was that of an Irish member who was promoting a measure called the Removal of Offensive Matters Bill. Another politician opposed the Bill, and getting to his feet, declared: "I object to the measure, this Removal of Offensive Matters Bill." The Irish member drew himself to his full height, and then calmly replied: "Excuse me, but I assure you that nothing personal is intended."

It Wasn't Lloyd George.

Mr. Lloyd George is credited with having told an excellent story in the Commons once, concerning a period when he was exceedingly unpopular. A man was being presented with a testimonial for having saved someone from drowning. The hero declared: "Really, I have done very little to deserve this reward. I saw the man struggling in the water. So I jumped in, swam out to him, and turning him over to make sure it wasn't Mr. Lloyd George, I pulled him ashore."

The following story, by the way, is told about Mr. Lloyd George, but I honestly believe it is a libel upon everyone concerned, particularly Mrs. Lloyd George. A clergyman called at Chequers while the ex-Premier was still in office, and talked to Mrs. Lloyd George while waiting for the Premier, who was still upstairs. It was during the Irish troubles, and the clergyman lamented the terrible state of affairs in the distressed country, but added consolingly: "Still, there is One above us who will set all right." "Yes, that is so," Mrs. Lloyd George replied. "He will be down in a minute."

A Match for the Bishop.

You will usually hear the best Parliamentary stories in the lobbies of the House of Commons, and it was there that I heard one of the best anecdotes about the ex-Premier. It was at an election in Wales, and Mr. Lloyd George was introduced thus: "I have to introduce to you to-night the Member for Carnarvon Boroughs. He has come here to reply to what the Bishop said the other night. In my opinion, gentlemen, the Bishop is one of the biggest liars in creation, but, we have a match for him to-night!"

Irish "bulls" are the most common cause of laughter in Parliament. One day an Irish member said: "Mr. Speaker, sir, an hon. gentleman who sits behind me is laughing in my face."

In conclusion, I think the most appropriate story to tell is that concerning a speech made in the Commons by an M.P. for Bath. He had spoken at considerable length, and at last remarked: "Well, like Lady Godiva approaching the end of her journey, I am nearing my close."



"An' I sez to 'er, I sez, 'Mrs. Brown, all this wireless business ain't doin' yer son any good. 'E's turnin' into a proper wireless insect.'"

PEOPLE IN THE PROGRAMMES—GOSSIP ABOUT ARTISTES & OTHERS

Thought They Were Catching.



MISS SYBIL GORDON.

POPULAR with Manchester listeners, Miss Sybil Gordon is known as a mezzo-soprano, although she can sing all soprano airs with ease.

In proof of the ignorance about wireless that prevails, Miss Gordon tells a good story. A mother returned home and found her eldest boy, Tommy, aged nine, in tears.

"What's the matter?"

she asked the nurse.

"Well, mum," was the reply, "he was asked out to Mrs. So-and-so's wireless party; but I would not let him go because I heard they have atmospherics there, and I wasn't certain whether Master Tommy had had them before or not."

Obedient Instructions.

ANOTHER of Miss Gordon's stories is about two young girls who were novices in the art of driving. They hired a pony and trap, and were told by the owner that, although the pony was perfectly quiet, they must be careful to keep the rein off his tail.

"We won't forget," they said.

When they got back after their drive, the owner asked them how they had got on.

"Splendidly!" they cried. "We had a sharp shower, but we took it in turn to hold the umbrellas over the pony's tail, and kept the rein off all the time!"

The "Tomnies" Lullaby.

WITH Russian music so much to the fore at present, it is interesting to note that Mr. R. S. Mauat, the leader of the Bournemouth Wireless Orchestra, once had an interesting experience.

During the war, he served in the North Russian Relief Force, and he tells us that he was billeted with a Russian family where the woman of the house sang her baby to sleep with a Russian Folk Song which the famous composer Rimski-Korsakov used as one of the themes in his *Scheherazade*.

The mother had for accompaniment a chorus of lusty British "Tomnies," and although they made enough noise to wake the dead, the baby went to sleep!

Then Auntie Left the Theatre.



MR. RUTLAND OSBORNE.

ONE of the best anecdotes that Mr. Rutland Osborne, who is amusing listeners at Bournemouth by his songs and stories at the piano, tells is the following:

"Once at a pantomime I found myself sitting next to a middle-aged spinster of the severest type. She was accompanied by two little girls, aged about five and six respectively. During the performance, a

dance was occupied the stage with a remarkable exhibition of high kicking. The little girls gazed spell-bound, while the spinster's expression became grimmer and grimmer.

"Suddenly, after a more than usually high kick, a shrill voice asked: 'Auntie, could you do that?'"

The Concert that Didn't Come Off.

AN authority on literature and elocution is Mr. Augustus Beddie, who gave readings at Glasgow Station on "Burns Night." He is a well-known lecturer in Scotland and is a past President of the Ninety Burns Club.

"I remember on one occasion," relates Mr. Beddie, "being asked to recite at a boy's choir treat at one of the big Edinburgh cathedrals."

"We were all prepared to give of our best—but alas! 'there is many a slip.'"

"The first item was a selection on the organ, which was driven by hydraulic power, and the organist, on turning on the water, had screwed the top right off the valve, which was 1½ in. off the main; so, instead of organ-playing, we had fountain-playing with a vengeance."

Several of the bolder spirits made a rush forward and attempted to screw the top on again, only to be driven back, drenched and defeated.

"Before long, the floor was ankle deep in water, and the company waded out with damp feet and damp spirits, and so ended the hope of budding artistes for that night."

He Wanted His Money's Worth.



MR. JOHN COLLETT.

A TENOR who is well known at London Station, Mr. John Collett, has sung at the Queen's Hall Promenade concerts, the Crystal Palace, the Halls concerts in Manchester, and for nearly all the principal choral societies in England.

Mr. Collett once appeared at a concert given to the employees of a Lancashire man in honour of the coming of age of

his son. The giver of the concert was wealthy but uneducated—especially where music was concerned. He had engaged a first-class orchestra, whose playing he listened to intently. Noticing that the cornet had been silent during the greater part of one of the selections, and thinking that he was not getting his money's worth, he indignantly approached the player of that instrument and demanded to know the reason of his silence.

The musician pointed out to him that he had forty bars "tacet," and that, therefore, he was not supposed to play during the time he had been idle.

"Tacet? he hanged!" cried the irate prodigee. "I pay thee for blowing, not for 'tacetting'!"

Not in the Programme.

IT is not often, when anything goes wrong at an entertainment, that an artiste is helped by a member of the audience, but such was once the experience of Miss Rita Sharpe, the cellist, who broadcasts from London.

"I was in the most solemn part of a piece of music, when laughter would have been fatal," she relates. "Along the front of the platform were several large ferns, and, unfortunately, my bow touched one of these and distracted me very much."

"Noticing my annoyance, an old woman in the front row of the audience rose from her seat, fetched a chair, stood on it, and calmly lifted the big fern down on to the floor!"

"Although this was a great help, I proceeded with my solo with an effort."

A Test that Failed.



MR. JAMES WORSLEY.

A FAVOURITE with listeners in the North is Mr. James Worsley, the entertainer in Lancashire dialect. He is an enthusiastic listener himself, and he never tires of trying to interest other people in the wonders of broadcasting. Apropos of this, he tells me that there was one occasion when he failed in his attempt.

"An old friend of mine who lives among the hills,"

he says, "had never listened and always showed contempt for the marvels of wireless."

"Determined to convince him, I invited him to my house to hear a concert broadcast from Manchester. When he arrived, I sat down before my new crystal set and said: 'We shan't be long now before I make you believe in wireless.'"

"I looked as proud as a small boy with his first set, but no sound came! My friend kept adding to my consternation by saying: 'Didn't I tell you there was nothing in it?'"

"After waiting in vain for another hour for something to happen, he jumped up and exclaimed: 'You mustn't think that you can fool me. Good-night!'"

"After he had gone," concludes Mr. Worsley, "I found, to my disgust, that I had failed to adjust the 'phones to the terminals."

A Slight Misunderstanding.

AMONG the best of musical quartettes is that of Miss Wilton Ainsley, which broadcasts from Bournemouth. Miss Ainsley comes of a musical family, her father being a Professor of Music in London.

"It is always my desire to please my hearers," says Miss Ainsley; "but on one occasion I was much misunderstood, for a member of one of my audiences I put the question: 'Would you like some Scotch or Irish?'—meaning, of course, musical items."

"Thank you!" she snapped. "I take neither!"

What Fuzzed Her.



MISS GWGLADYS NASH.

LIKE so many other vocalists, Miss Gwladys Nash, who sings at London Station, is a native of Wales. One of her favourite songs is the famous "Queen of the Night" song, from *The Magic Flute* which reaches to F in alt. Miss Nash tells an amusing story of a child's idea of wireless.

"One day," she says,

"I remarked to a little girl that she would soon hear her mother singing through the ear 'phones."

"She looked puzzled, but said nothing until some time later when, looking at the receiving-set, she exclaimed: 'But how will mamma get out of the box again?'"

Ten party were listening on a special programme night.

"It seems faint" suggested father, jabbing the crystal.

"But think of the extra people who must be listening to-night," commented a visitor.

Our Transmitter—Your Receiver.

By P. P. Eckersley, Chief Engineer of the B.B.C.

If you will read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the following, you will be doing the art of broadcast some considerable good.

Broadcasting relies on two main functions: one is transmitting, the other receiving, and it probably is more blessed to send than to receive.

To tell you that your receiver is lamentably behind the transmitter is difficult, considering my position; but truth compels me to utter what at first sight may savour of vainglory.

Let me, in as simple language as I can, tell you the basic facts of broadcasting.

Your Voice Pulsations.

You speak—what happens?

In brief, you make little compressions and rarefactions in the air around you. If you are young, fair and feminine, your shrill pipe may make some thousands of these pulsations in a second; if you are gruff, masculine and bearded, your usual bath-time notes may be in the hundreds. The human ear has the amazing faculty of being able to hear from thirty pulsations a second up to above ten thousand, this range varying with different human beings.

What of the sensitivity of the ear? Suppose you do an experiment and find out how sensitive the ear is to various notes, you will find that it is much more sensitive to the middle notes of a piano, and much less to either end.

Notes That Can't be Heard.

As the note goes down and up from some thousands a second, your ear sensitivity decreases. A note of ten a second is inaudible, and even the most bat's eared of us cannot hear 20,000 a second. Animals probably hear up to higher frequencies, and whistles can be made which agitate all the dogs in the street without an errand-boy turning his head.

Now, a sound is made in the studio at 2, Savoy Hill, and a microphone is left about somewhere near. The little pulses of compressed air, which are the sound, hit the microphone coil or diaphragm and make it wobble. By certain devices the wobble of the diaphragm creates electric currents which are proportional to the intensity of the impulses (at any rate, that is the ideal).

Microphone v. Human Ear.

But now suppose we make the microphone exactly like the human ear to be much more sensitive to the lower notes and the higher notes—it would seem a reasonable suggestion. Unfortunately, we cannot do this—I will not confuse the issue by explaining why—and so we send out the broadcast on an arbitrary basis, giving for equal pressure of sound impulse equal intensity of electric impulse, not increasing the sensitivity at either end of the scale. (The reason for this is that if we were to create the ear curve at this stage, we should have to weaken the broadcast by 1 100th or more, and although it would be perfect quality, it would be so weak as to be interfered with by all spurious electrical noises. If you live ten miles away, the effect would be to remove you to hundreds of miles; your crystal would be useless, and multi-valves would merely amplify the jamming.) Thus we are sending out by equal intensities of sound, impinging on the microphone at any frequency equal amplitude of electrical energy.

We can say, I think, that we are doing this practically distortionlessly. Now what do you do with the received broadcast?

We will assume, first, that your high frequency system is distortionless, as it probably is, and secondly that your low frequency magnification is distortionless, as it probably isn't.

Now for the loud speaker or the head 'phones, where all the distortion (if there is any) must lie.

Head 'phones were first designed in order to get the maximum possible efficiency for Morse signals round about notes of 1,000 to 2,000 a second. And now you are asking these same telephones to reproduce speech with frequencies from 200 to 5,000 a second, or music from 30 to 15,000 a second. What a hope! The telephones to be efficient must be resonant around three very frequencies to which the ear is most sensitive. Instead of having 'phones or loud speaker to give you the greatest sensitivity around the deep bass and the high treble, there they are giving just the wrong frequencies predominance.

Our Waggon to a Star.

Now you may lay this article down in disgust, and say that fellow Eckersley is a blithering idiot—you get perfect quality. Think again. What about the base of the organ, the pedal notes; hasn't the violin lost something of its passion; isn't it a little fluty sometimes?

I don't say that you aren't getting some of the finest possible quality by mechanical means. You are. You are beating everything else of its sort. There is real beauty in the reception. Do not let it be said for a moment that every word isn't understandable; that you can't tell a good singer from a bad one. Of course, you can. But you and I, we have hitched our waggon to a star, and we are not going to be beaten; we are going to get perfection.

The reason for all your trouble is simply your 'phones and your loud speaker.

A Trade Secret.

Don't blame the manufacturer; he had to do it because you would cry for sensitivity, and this perfect quality business means a bit more expense, more complication, and a complete lack of efficiency.

It is possible to correct your 'phones, but you will learn how later; it is a trade secret now.

If you want to correct a loud speaker, I'm afraid you will be disappointed, because most of the better makes have been corrected partially, and it is difficult to apply further corrections. The manufacturers will in time produce something which will give the same difference in quality between the ordinary carbon microphone of a year ago and the present-day device as between the loud speaker of to-day and the instrument of to-morrow.

The Perfect Circuit.

One last point, you must have distortionless circuits before you can do any good, so use low frequency valves with open mesh grids, plenty of negative on the grid, and as good (I don't mean efficient—I mean distortionless) transformers as you can obtain. Personally, I always use resistance capacity magnification.

If at last every listener gets the perfect circuit, we shall be able to make big advances.

Do you know why we pad our studios to get over room effects?—just because of your resonant 'phones; room effect disappears with proper correction. Do you know why we can't put our microphone where it can get a real focus on the Opera so that balance is always perfect?—the present position is in the centre of the footlights; it ought to be halfway down the stalls;—because the echo unduly accentuated by your resonant 'phones would kill the effect. Do you know what is holding up the future? Reader, it is your receiver.

Mark you, I blame no one. We must advance step by step, and this could not be foreseen. Your receiver will cost you more, but it will be so easy for us to give you of the very best.

YOU MUST HAVE



BROADCASTING FROM WITHIN

By C. A. LEWIS.

LORD GAINFORD (Chairman of the B.B.C.) in the preface says: "This book will be a revelation to many listeners who have hitherto not realised the organisation and work in connection with programme reproduction."

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On sale everywhere 2/6 or post free 2/9 from the Publishers, GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 8-11, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.2.

HOW DO YOU LOOK AT LIFE?

By **LEONARD CROCOMBE**

(Editor of "Tit-Bits.")



LEONARD CROCOMBE.

(Photo by courtesy of L. G. Brown, Ltd.)

Do you know the story of the three stone-cutters? They were working on a stone. A stranger asked the first what he was doing.

"Working for ten bob a day," he replied.

"And you?" the stranger asked the second.

"Cutting this stone," he growled.

When the same question was put to the third stone-cutter, he answered: "I'm building a cathedral!"

How do you visualize your job? How do you look at life? Are you enjoying it in full, or are you living with the blinds half-down? The happiest people are those who are working and living at their fullest capacity; who find the days too short for all the many things they have to do. They work and play with equal zest, and so gain happiness, health, and success.

"Yes, that sounds all very fine," someone may say, "but if you had my job you'd sing a different tune. I'm not one of your lucky ones."

The Victor's Attitude.

Lucky?—or should it not be Plucky? Pull up that blind! Have a look round, and don't assume the loser's attitude towards life. Try "Pelmanism" as a pick-me-up.

What is "Pelmanism"? The dictionary has a fearsome description:—

PELMANISM, *n.* a psycho-synthetic system of mental development embracing every function of the mind.

It makes you think of ipercuanha wine, quinine, or something equally horrible, to be taken after each meal. "Pelmanism" isn't a bit like that. It is not a nasty medicine for the mind; it is a mental "bracer." When you have digested the contents of the first "Little Grey Book," your appetite is keen for the other eleven.

I wish that Mr. Emerson had founded the Pelman Institute when I, in blind rabidhood, was floundering about keen enough to "get on"—Heaven knows!—but dizzy through countless jerks and jumps in the wrong directions. A study of "Pelmanism" would have steadied me mentally, taught me to conserve my mental energy, saved me much fruitless mind wandering.

Self-Reliance and Mental Stability.

Mental Stability—a mind well-ordered—is an invaluable possession. "Pelmanism" shows you how to gain the right mental attitude. It proves to you, moreover, that the conviction that you can do a thing will furnish the power to do it. The "Little Grey Books" help you to have confident, cheerful, creative thoughts. The correct study of "Pelmanism" will, I am convinced, give self-reliance, make one capable of thinking confidently and profitably.

A man for whom I have profound admiration is fond of expatiating upon the "Perceptive Eye." He has it most acutely developed, as have all who live every waking minute with zest, who are fully alive to the countless wonders around us. The Perceptive Eye is the eye that misses nothing; consequently, its owner gets much more fun out of life than does the average person. In the "Little Grey Books" of "Pelmanism" there are many most interesting hints on the cultivation of the Perceptive Eye. The Psychologists who are the authors of "Pelmanism" realize that from the ability to observe small, everyday things grow many of the qualities that form the mental make-up of those who are at the top of the Ladder of Success.

A Key to the Best.

I do not wish to give the impression that "Pelmanism" is solely a stepping-stone to Success. It is that, most certainly; but it is also a whole flight of stepping-stones to bigger things than material prosperity. I could fill a book with reasons why every man, woman and child should become acquainted with "Pelmanism," for it provides, when rightly used, keys to all that is best in life, spiritually as well as materially.

Why, then, hold a third-class season for life's journey when you can travel by—Pelman?

The New Pelman Course is quite simple and easy to follow, and the instruction is personal to each individual. It takes up only a few minutes daily, and the "Little Grey Books" are printed in a handy "pocket-size," so that you can study them in bus or train or in odd moments during the day.

Some of the results of Pelmanism of which Mr. Crocombe speaks are printed in another column. Further examples will be found in an illustrated book entitled "The Efficient Mind," published by the Pelman Institute. A copy of this book can be obtained gratis and post free by everyone who uses the coupon printed on this page. With this book you will receive full details of the Pelman Course and particulars enabling you to enrol on the most convenient terms. Fill up this coupon and post it to-day to the Pelman Institute, 95, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

REMARKABLE REPORTS.

Results of Pelmanism Which Speak for Themselves.

"Pelmanism," says Mr. Leonard Crocombe, "is a stepping-stone to Success," and is also "a whole flight of stepping-stones to bigger things than material prosperity." Many instances of this are given in a book entitled "The Efficient Mind," which contains contributions from some of the most celebrated men and women of the day. Here are a few examples taken at random from the enormous correspondence received by the Pelman Institute from all parts of the world and from men and women of every stamp, age, and position:—

A Doctor writes: "I am extremely pleased with the Course. As a result my Memory is much more accurate than formerly; my Powers of Concentration are much better; Self-Confidence and Will-Power have been much increased. I seem to have acquired greater Originality of outlook. I consider the Course is an excellent training for any medical man."

A Cashier writes: "I took the Pelman Course a year ago and might say that it has been of the greatest value. I can directly ascribe to its influence the fact that my salary is now 300 per cent. greater and my position one of responsibility and trust as against one of subservience. Pelmanism is of inestimable value."

A Clergyman writes: "It is now twelve months ago since I used a note of any description in public speaking. I hardly dared to believe that I should so completely abandon them. I thought that for special occasions, etc., I should fall back on them, but that is not so. I have recently attended special gatherings of various descriptions, but have done without the notes. This is a great satisfaction to me."

A Telegraphist writes: "I have been able to procure this appointment 'simply and shily' through your books. Your books will be absolutely invaluable to me."

A Clerk writes: "I should like to put it on record that since taking the Pelman Course I have doubled my salary, which I attribute entirely to Pelmanism."

A Typist writes: "I have been promoted twice in six months. If it had not been for Pelmanism I should never have got on so well."

Letters such as these could be quoted by the thousand. Many more will be found in the book "The Efficient Mind," which you can now obtain free of cost.

Here is the coupon. Fill it up or use a post-card and post to-day to the Pelman Institute, 95, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1. Full particulars of the Course and a copy of "The Efficient Mind" will reach you by return, gratis and post free.

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Bloomsbury Street, LONDON, W.C.1.

Please send me, gratis and post free, (1) a copy of "The Efficient Mind," containing particulars of the Pelman Course; (2) particulars enabling me to enrol for the complete Pelman Course on special terms.

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ADDRESS.....

All Correspondence is Confidential.

WIRELESS PROGRAMME—SUNDAY (Feb. 3rd.)

The letters "S.B." printed in italics in these Programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

LONDON.

(Call Sign, 2LO. Wave-Length, 365 Metres.)

3.0-5.0.—LIGHT SYMPHONY CONCERT. *S.B. from Bournemouth.*

5.0-5.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER. *S.B. from Newcastle.*

8.30.—THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA.
Prelude from "The Magic Flute" Mozart
Andante Religioso "Tosca"
8.45.—Anthem, "My God, I Love Thee"
George J. Bennett

8.55.—Hymn, Soldiers of Christ, Arise

9.0.—THE REV. IVOR J. ROBERTSON, D.D., of Regent's Square Presbyterian Church. Religious Address.

9.10.—Hymn, "Glory to Thee, My God, This Night" (A. and M. 23)

9.15.—Suite from "Carmen" *Bizet*
1. Prelude; 2. Aragonaise; 3. Intermezzo;
4. Los Dragones d'Alcala; 5. Les Torreadors.

FREDERIC LAKE (Tenor).
"I Think" *Gay d'Harcourt*

"Aida Mass" *Newton*

"Invitation to the Vale" *Walter*

THE CHURCH QUARTETTE.
"Come, All Ye Lads and Lassies" *Lane Wilson*

"On the Banks of Allan Water"
"The Country Dance" *Lane Wilson*

10.0.—TIME SIGNAL AND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN.—*S.B. to all Stations except Cardiff.*

Local News and Weather Forecast.

10.15.—Allegretto Grazioso from Symphony No. 4 in G Major *Dvořák*

"When Shadows Gather" *Marshall*

"The Last Watch" *Pinnisi*

Overture, "Maritana" *Wallace*

10.30.—Close down.
Announcer: C. A. Lewis.

BIRMINGHAM.

(Call Sign, 5IT. Wave-Length, 475 Metres.)

3.0-5.0.—LIGHT SYMPHONY CONCERT. *S.B. from Bournemouth.*

5.0-5.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER. *S.B. from Newcastle.*

8.30.—Hymn, "Earth Has Many a Noble City"

THE REV. A. F. FORBES, All Souls' Church, Normadie, Handsworth. Religious Address.

Anthem, "If We Believe that Jesus Died"
Goss

JAMES HOWELL (Bass).
"O God, Have Mercy" ("St. Paul") *Mendelssohn*

"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" *Knigh*

9.5.—Overture, "Mazurka" *Auber*

Suite, "At the Play" *Bocini*

(a) Overture; (b) Entr'acte; (c) Finale.
AMY CARTER (Contralto).

"O Divine Redeemer" *Gounod*

GEORGE DILLON and HARVEY SMALLWOOD.

Duet for Flute and Cor Anglais, "Romance"
Klose

Selection, "Reminiscences of Gounod"
arr. Gouffray

10.0.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

Local News and Weather Forecast.

10.15.—Close down.
Announcer: Percy Edgar.

BOURNEMOUTH.

(Call sign, 8BM. Wave-Length, 325 Metres.)

Light Symphony Concert.

S.B. to all Stations.

3.0.—THE WIRELESS AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA.

Conducted by CAPT. W. A. FEATHERSTONE.

Overture, "Ray Blue" *Mendelssohn*

5.15.—GERTRUDE NEWSOM (Soprano).
"One Fine Day" ("Madame Butterfly") *Puccini*

(With Orchestral Accompaniment.)

3.30.—TRIO.
FREDERICK W. EGERTON (Cor Anglais)

JAMES GENNIN *Flute*

TERRIE GENNIN *Flute*

1st Movement from Trio for two Flutes and Cor Anglais Op. 87 *Beethoven*

3.40.—HERBERT SMITH (Baritone).
"She Alone Charmeth My Sadness" (Recit. and Air from "La Reine de Saba") *Gounod*

(With Orchestral Accompaniment.)

3.45.—Suite, "Sigurd Jorsalfar" *Grieg*
1. Introduction; 2. Intermezzo; 3. Triumphant March.

4.0.—Gertrude Newsom.
"Down in the Forest" *London Ronald*

"The Pipes of Pan" *Munkton*

(With Orchestral Accompaniment.)

4.10.—Trio.
2nd and 3rd Movements from Trio for two Flutes and Cor Anglais, Op. 87 *Beethoven*

4.25.—"Invictus" *Hudon*

"Vale" *Kennedy Russell*

(With Orchestral Accompaniment.)

4.35.—Gertrude Newsom.
"The Two Angels" *Mackenzie*

(With Orchestral Accompaniment.)

4.40.—Two Movements from Symphony No. 5 in E Minor *Tchaikovsky*

2nd Movement Andante Cantabile and Finale Andante Macabro.

5.0-5.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER. *S.B. from Newcastle.*

8.30.—THE "6RM" TRIO.
REGINALD S. MOUNT, Violinist.

ARTHUR MARSTON, A.R.C.O., Pianist

THOMAS E. ILLINGWORTH *Cello*

"Ave Maria" *Schubert*

8.55.—THE WINTON PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHURCH CHOIR.

Under the Direction of C. E. BEST.

Chorus, "O Taste and See" *Bostonley*

"Crossing the Bar" *Makor*

8.45.—THE REV. G. PREECE, of Windborne Road Primitive Methodist Church. Religious Address.

9.0.—Choir.
Hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul"

9.5.—Reginald S. Mount.
"Legende" *Wieniawski*

9.15.—Trio.
Selection, "Samson and Delilah" *Saint-Saens*

9.25.—Choir.
Anthem, "Send out Thy Light" *Gounod*

9.30.—Thomas E. Illingworth.
"Gravil Duo" *Gottmann*

9.40.—Arthur Marston, A.R.C.O.
"Sunday Morning at Glyn" *Bendel*

9.50.—Trio.
Slow Movement and Finale from Trio *Gods*

10.0.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

Local News and Weather Forecast.

10.15.—Close down.
Announcer: W. R. Kenna.

CARDIFF.

(Call Sign, 5WA. Wave-Length, 350 Metres.)

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5.0-5.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER. *S.B. from Newcastle.*

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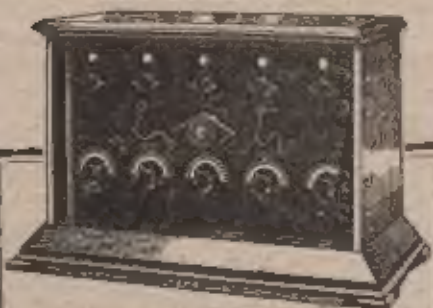
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Two H.F., one H.F. Rect., and two L.F. Power Valves, ANY COMBINATION OR NUMBER OF VALVES.

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MORE & MORISON

10, Heddon St., Regent St., W.

Monday's Symphony Concert.

The Music Described by Percy A. Scholes.

BEETHOVEN—FIFTH SYMPHONY.

THOUSANDS of symphonies have been written, but this one, published 115 years ago, remains, throughout the world, the most popular of them all.

A brief "Listener's" Guide to the four pieces, or "Movements," which together constitute the Symphony, follows.

I. QUICK AND LIVELY.—This opens with a little Tune of four notes. Beethoven himself once called it "Fate knocking at the door." (Say pretty quickly, "Rap-a-lap-Tap," and say it in the spirit of a stern police-sergeant come to make an arrest, and you will know the theme every time you hear it in the Movement, which it pervades almost from beginning to end.)

Note, however, that this Fate theme is not always so imperative in its summons as at the opening; sometimes it is a mere gentle reminder, quite in the background of the music, and this is the case, in a minute or two when (just after two loud chords followed by the "Fate" motif in the horn alone) a Contrasting Tune creeps in, as feminine and graceful as the other was masculine and forceful.

Would that would fit to this, and that may make it easier to identify, are "Oh, how lovely is this creature," said evenly and not very quickly.

Out of these two musical themes (representing two emotions) the Movement is made, and this is all the assistance I can give you in the short space at my command, but it is really enough!

II. RATHER SLOWLY, BUT STEADILY MOVING.—This is made out of two beautiful Tunes, each lasting about half a minute.

The First Tune is, at its opening, given to the lower Stringed Instruments; it is rather plaintively happy in feeling.

The Second Tune is, at its opening, given to Wood Wind Instruments; it is bolder in style.

These two Tunes having been given out, we have them repeated in alternation, but with Variations.

The contrasts in the use of the different instruments of the Orchestra are, in this Movement, one of its chief beauties.

III. QUICK.—This is what we call a "Scherzo," the word being the Italian for "joke," and Beethoven, as a very jocular man, being very fond of such pieces.

The joke is, perhaps, not immediately apparent, for the movement opens very mysteriously with a Tune in 'Cello and Double-basses. Soon comes a loud Call on the Horns, reminiscent of the "Fate" motif of the previous Movement, and these two scraps of tune suffice to keep the composer busy for some time.

Then he ends this section softly and begins another of a different character. Again he opens with a tune on the 'Cello and Double-basses alone, but note how, this time, he hurries them along. (The great composer Berlioz found a good description for this tune: he said it reminded him of "the gambols of an elephant.")

Then part of the First section returns, and is very beautifully and interestingly treated, and at last we reach one of the most mystical passages in all music.

Beethoven means to pass straight from the Third Movement to the Fourth, from the Scherzo to the Finale. A passage is wanted so that the one may merge effectively into the other. Beethoven makes what would, with many composers, have been a mere link, into one of the most poetic moments of the whole

work. Whilst the Strings play very softly indeed, the Kettledrum's tap is heard, first in broken rhythms, with a suggestion of the "Fate" motif, and then continuously. Above it, there soon creeps a soft Violin melody; the music gets louder and louder, and we dash into the opening of the Finale.

IV. QUICK BUT MAJESTIC.—This is a Movement of rejoicing. It has also, in places, a little of the character of a quick military march.

The course of the movement is interrupted by another soft and mysterious passage (based upon the rhythm of the "Fate" motif), and then the military march bursts out again, and the Symphony proceeds vigorously to its end.

HUMPERDINCK—OVERTURE TO "HÄNSEL AND GRETEL."

This Overture is made out of musical themes from the opera—the Children's Prayer, at the opening (Horns); the Witch's Magic (Trumpets); The Song of the Sandman—and so forth.

LIADOF—HUMORESQUE, "BABA-YAGA."

Baba-Yaga is a dreadful witch, well known in Russia, which is all the listener needs to know. Liadof died in 1914.

MOZART—"LES PETITS RIENS."

This is the Ballet Music from a Pantomime (in the sense of a play in dumb show). The music in full consists of a great many little pieces for various instruments, but at one point in it occur several pieces for Strings alone—all very charming.

From the information supplied to me, I take it that the one to be played is the very daintily delicate little No. 10, but it may be that the "Passepied" (a very short dance in three-in-a-bar time) and the Gavotte (a rather longer one, four-in-a-bar) which follows, will also be given. You will have to find out on the night!

WOLF-FERRARI—INTERMEZZO.

Wolf-Ferrari was born in Venice, forty-seven years ago. This Intermezzo comes from his Opera, *The Secrets of the Madonna*, an opera of Neapolitan life with a good deal of Neapolitan folk-song in its music. There are two Intermezzi between the Acts of the Opera, and this is the second, a pretty quick piece in Valse style. Just after the opening, a Flute gives out a pleasant Tune; then the Strings sing one. There are other attractive Tunes, one of them an Oboe Solo.

HARRISON—WORCESTERSHIRE SUITE.

The Conductor of the evening is also to be welcomed as one of its composers. The Suite comprises four movements:—

I. THE SPRAWLEY ROUND.

II. REDSTONE ROCK.—The score says: "Redstone (Old English Badestone) Rock, once the home of Lyamon, the British historian, about A.D. 1200, now the summer home of thousands of sandmartins."

III. PERSHORE PLUMS.

IV. THE LEDBURY PARSON.—"To the memory of these two inimitable artists, Bob and Abel Spragg, who could be heard interpreting this disreputable Worcestershire Song over many glasses of beer, any Saturday evening in the 'minstrel, at the Bridge Inn, Stourport."

LISZT—SECOND RHAPSODY.

One of the twenty Rhapsodies Liszt wrote, based upon the Folk-tunes of his native Hungary, and an attempt to express the gloom, vigour, and excitability of the national character.

(The above mentioned pieces of music will be broadcast from London on Monday, February 4th.)

WIRELESS PROGRAMME—MONDAY (Feb. 4th.)

The letters "S.B." printed in italics in these programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

LONDON.

(Call Sign, 2LO. Wave Length, 365 Metres.)

- 3.30-4.30.—Concert: The Wireless Trio and Gerald Ede (Baritone).
 5.0.—WOMEN'S HOUR: The Wireless Trio. "No More Dowry Women," by Marjorie Bowen. "The Educational Value of Dating," by Margaret Morris.
 5.30.—CHILDREN'S STORIES: Song, "Fairy Shopping," by Betty Hymans. "Robo in the Moonlight," by E. W. Lewis. Story, "A Christmas Dream," by Betty Hymans.
 6.15.—Boys' Brigade News.
 6.25-7.0.—Interval.
 7.0.—TIME SIGNAL AND 1ST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. S.B. to all Stations.
 JOHN STRACHEY (the R.C. Dramatic Critic): "Weekly Book Talk." S.B. to all Stations.
 Talk by the Radio Association. S.B. to all Stations.
 Local News and Weather Forecast.

Symphony Concert.

S.B. to all Stations except Cardiff and Bournemouth.

THE AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA.
 Conducted by JULIUS HARRISON.

- 7.40.—Overture, "Hänsel and Gretel" Humperdinck
 MAY BLYTH (Soprano).
 Arto, "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster" Weber
 Orchestra.
 Humoresque, "Baba Yaga" T. Lindoff
 Symphony in C Minor (No. 5) Beethoven
 Pastime for Strings from the Ballet "Les Petits Riens" Mozart
 Intermezzo No. 2, "Jewels of the Madonna" Wolf-Ferrari

Worcestershire Suite Julius Harrison
 (a) "The Shrewley Round"; (b) "Redstone Rock"; (c) "Pershore Plains";
 (d) "The Lushbury Parson."
 (A description of the items in this Symphony Concert Programme will be found on the facing page.)

- 9.0.—JACK RICHARDS and YVOLET STEPHENS: "The Scandalousages."
 9.30.—TIME SIGNAL AND 2ND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. S.B. to all Stations.
 Local News and Weather Forecast.
 9.45.—MR. S. M. GLUCKSTEIN: "Medical Science in Business."
 10.0.—Orchestra.
 Suite No. 1 "Carillon" Bizet
 Rhapsody No. 2 in G Major Liszt
 10.30.—Close down.

Announcer: R. F. Palmer.

BIRMINGHAM.

(Call Sign, 5IT. Wave Length, 475 Metres.)

- 3.30-4.30.—Paul Rimmer's Orchestra relayed from Lonella Picture House.
 5.0.—WOMEN'S CORNER.
 SIDNEY ROGERS, F.R.H.S., on "Topical Horticultural Hints" (M.K.).
 5.30.—Agricultural Weather Forecast.
 KIDDIES' CORNER.
 7.0.—NEWS. S.B. from London.
 JOHN STRACHEY. S.B. from London.
 Radio Association Talk. S.B. from London.
 Local News and Weather Forecast.
 7.40-10.30.—The entire Programme. S.B. from London.

BOURNEMOUTH.

(Call Sign, 8BM. Wave Length, 385 Metres.)

- 3.45.—Reginald S. Mount (Solo Violin), The "8BM" Trio, Thomas E. Hingworth (Solo Violon), Arthur Marston, A.R.C.O. (Solo Piano).

- 4.45.—WOMEN'S HOUR.
 5.15.—KIDDIES' HOUR.
 6.0.—Boys' Brigade News.
 6.15.—Scholars' Half-Hour: Miss E. M. Rodda. "The Days of Chivalry."
 7.0.—NEWS. S.B. from London.
 JOHN STRACHEY. S.B. from London.
 Radio Association Talk. S.B. from London.
 Local News and Weather Forecast.
 7.40-8.0.—Interval.

Welsh Night.

- 8.0.—THE BOURNEMOUTH WELSH MALE VOICE PARTY.
 Under the direction of DAVID DAVIES.
 "Aberystwith" Parry
 "Cwm Rhondda" Jones
 8.10.—THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA.
 "Renaissances of Wales" arr. Fred Godfrey
 8.25.—RITA JELLY (Soprano).
 "The Missing Beat" Brimley Richard
 8.30.—ANTONIO MEO (Solo Harp).
 Selection, "Welsh Airs" arr. MEO (unpub.)
 Orchestra.
 "Welsh Rhapsody" German
 9.0.—Rita Jelly.
 "Thou Gentle Dove" Brimley Richard
 "The Bells of Aberdovey" Brimley Richard
 9.10.—Orchestra.
 "March of the Men of Harlech" arr. Featherstone
 9.15.—Welsh Male Voice Party.
 "Sailors' Chorus" Parry
 "The Land of My Fathers" Jones
 9.30.—NEWS. S.B. from London.
 Local News and Weather Forecast.
 9.45.—EDWARD HILL (Baritone).
 "Men of Harlech" (Welsh National Song).
 "Mildmay" Dorothy Foster
 9.55.—Orchestra.
 "Fantasia on Welsh Airs" Myddleton
 10.15.—Close down.
 Announcer: W. H. Keene.

CARDIFF.

(Call Sign, 5WA. Wave Length, 350 Metres.)

- 3.30-4.30.—Fallman and his Orchestra relayed from the Capitol Cinema.
 5.0.—"5WA'S" "FIVE O'CLOCKS."
 5.45.—THE HOUR OF THE "KIDDIE WINKS."
 6.45.—Boys' Brigade News.
 7.0.—NEWS. S.B. from London.
 JOHN STRACHEY. S.B. from London.

Radio Association Talk. S.B. from London.
 Local News.

GUEST, KIRK AND NETTLEFOLD'S (DOWLAIS) SILVER BAND.

Conductor: T. G. MOORE.

Vocalist: JACK WILLIAMS.

- 7.40.—Band: March, "Florentine" Facit
 Overture, "Egmont" Beethoven
 7.45.—Songs: "Land of Mine" Godfrey Netting

- "At Grendon Fair" Paul Moore
 7.50.—Band: Marches, "Barenoble" ("Tales of Hoffman") Offenbach
 "March of the Montagues" Paderewski

- Symphony, from "The New World" (2nd Movement) Dvorak
 8.15.—Songs: "Just Because" Brimley Richard
 "The Dawn Major" Newton

- 8.25.—Band: March, "The Call of the East" T. Owen
 Humoresque, "A Welsh Sketch" T. G. Moore

- 8.45.—PROFESSOR E. L. COLLIS, M.A., M.D., on "Health and Occupation."

- 8.55.—Songs: "Will o' the Wisp" Llewellyn
 "Yeomen's Wedding Song" Panitzsch

- 9.5.—Band: "The Tyrol" Ambrose Thomas
 (Arranged for Band by T. G. Moore, with kind permission of the Publishers.)

- Selection, "Squire's Songs Old Home"

- 9.30.—NEWS. S.B. from London.
 Local News and Weather Forecast.

- 9.45.—Dance Music.
 10.15.—Close down.

Announcer: W. N. Settle.

MANCHESTER.

(Call Sign, 2ZY. Wave Length, 375 Metres.)

- 3.30-4.30.—Concert by the "2ZY" Trio.
 5.0.—WOMEN'S HOUR.
 5.20.—Farmers' Weather Forecast.
 5.25.—CHILDREN'S HOUR.
 6.35.—Boys' Brigade News.
 6.40.—FRANCIS J. STAFFORD, M.A., M.Ed., French Talk.
 7.0.—NEWS. S.B. from London.
 JOHN STRACHEY. S.B. from London.
 Radio Association Talk. S.B. from London.
 Local News and Weather Forecast.
 7.40-10.30.—The entire Programme. S.B. from London.

Announcer: Sidney G. Henry.

(Continued in col. 1, page 227.)

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3rd.

BOURNEMOUTH, 3.0-5.0.—Light Symphony Concert. S.B. to all stations.

CARDIFF, 8.40.—Wagner Concert.

MANCHESTER, 8.50.—The Bann o' th' Bann Band.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4th.

LONDON, 7.40.—Symphony Concert, conducted by Julius Harrison. S.B. to all Stations except Cardiff and Bournemouth.

BOURNEMOUTH, 8.0.—Welsh Night.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5th.

LONDON, 8.0.—Band of H.M. Royal Air Force. S.B. to Bournemouth.
 CARDIFF, 7.30.—"King John" (Shakespeare).

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6th.

BIRMINGHAM, 7.30.—Light Symphony Concert.

CARDIFF, 7.30.—Welsh Night.

GLASGOW, 7.30.—Special Play Night. S.B. to Newcastle.

ABERDEEN, 7.30.—Modern Scottish Composers' Night.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7th.

LONDON, 8.40.—"The Magic Flute," Acts II and III (Mozart), relayed from The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. S.B. to all Stations.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8th.

BOURNEMOUTH, 7.45.—Italian Composers' Night.

ABERDEEN, 7.30.—Shakespearean Night.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9th.

LONDON, 8.30.—"Samson and Delilah," Acts I and II, relayed from The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. S.B. to other Stations.

BIRMINGHAM, 7.15.—"Trilby" (George Du Maurier).

BOURNEMOUTH, 7.45.—Request Night.

ABERDEEN, 7.30.—"The Passing of the Third Floor Back" (Jerome).

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WIRELESS PROGRAMME—THURSDAY (Feb. 7th.)

The letters "S.B." printed in Italics in these Programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

BRISTOL

(Call Sign, 2LO. Wave-Length, 365 Metres.)

- 2.30-4.30. Concert: The Wireless.
5.0. WOMEN'S HOUR: "Tremolo" by the "Spinsters." Singer: "Where the Dust is Never Needed." by Brian Gray.
6.0. CHILDREN'S STORIES. Uncle Tom joins Uncle Humphrey Dimpety and Auntie Hilda in "Pip at the Zoo."
6.15. Boy Scouts and Girl Guides News.
6.25-6.45. Interval.
7.0. TIME SIGNAL AND 1ST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN S.B. to all Stations.
7.15. A. S. HOLES (the B.B.C. Dramatist) "The Week's Music." S.B. to all Stations.
Radio Society Talk S.B. to all Stations.
Local News and Weather Forecast.
Programme S.B. to Cardiff, Newcastle and London.

- 8.0. THE LONDON VOCAL QUARTETTE. Nursery Rhymes. Wulford Davies.
7.45. ELIE SPIVAK. Solo Violoncello in E Major. Handel.
8.0. The Poems of JOHN KEATS 1793-1821 by C. A. Lewis.
8.15. Quartet.
As Told in the Summer. Algar.
The Heartening Star. Eudorpe Martin.
Over the Wooded Upland Hills. Chiquita.
The Mistletoe Boy. ...
8.30. From My Window. by Phyllis.
8.45. Elie Spivak.
Soprano Du. Dourak Kresler.
Violoncello. ...
Tambourin Du. ...
8.45. Quartet.
Cyprian Songs. ...
Anniversary of the Birth of CHARLES DICKENS.
Fragments to the 100th Anniversary relayed from the Dick. Fellowship Commemorative Dinner at the Connaught Rooms.
Speakers: SIR WALTER LAWRENCE, ...
9.30. TIME SIGNAL AND 2ND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN S.B. to all Stations.
Local News and Weather Forecast.
9.40. "THE MAGIC FLUTE," Act II (Mozart), relayed from The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. S.B. to all Stations.
10.30.—MR. ALLEN S. WALKER, the well-known historical actor, on "St. Alban." S.B. to all Stations.
10.45.—"THE MAGIC FLUTE," Act III (Mozart), relayed from The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. S.B. to all Stations.
11.00. Close down.
Announcer: J. S. Dodgson.

GLoucester

(Call Sign, 5IT. Wave-Length, 475 Metres.)

- 3.30-4.30. The "Spring Quartette."
5.0. WOMEN'S CORNER. Dorothy Barcroft.
5.15. Agricultural Weather Forecast.
KIDNIES CORNER.
6.30. Boy Scouts and Girl Guides News.
7.0.—NEWS S.B. from London.
PERCY S. HOLES. S.B. from London.
Radio Society Talk. S.B. from London.
Local News and Weather Forecast.
Popular Classic Programme.
7.35. THE STATION ORCHESTRA.
Overture from "The Bohemian Girl" Balys.
Intermezzo. ...

HIDA AUKA

- Requiem, "H. ly" ... Kimp.
4 Simple Little String ... Monckton.
On a Seven ... Gray.
Selection from "The Saw" ... Jones.
8.15. "The Shoe" ... Ansell.
(a) "The Sabot"; (b) "The Ballet Shoe"; (c) "The Court Shoe"; (d) "The Sandal".
Patrol, "The Night Patrol" ... Martell.
AMY CARTER (Contralto) with Orchestra.
"O Love, From Thy Power" (Manson and Delah).
GRAM BEXNING (T ...)

15. MAJOR VERNON BROOK, M.A.
Broadcast Talk "Motors and Motorists."
20. NEWS S.B. from London.
Local News and Weather Forecast.
21. THE MAGIC FLUTE, Act II S.B. from London.
10.30. MR. ALLEN S. WALKER S.B. from London.
10.45.—"THE MAGIC FLUTE," Act III S.B. from London.
11.20.—Close down.
Announcer: H. Cecil Pearson.

MANCHESTER

(Call Sign, 5BM. Wave-Length, 385 Metres.)

- 3.45. Gladys Ives' Concert Party: Evelyn Durrant (Soprano), Gladys V. Ives (Contralto), Joy Baskley (Ecclesiast), Reginald Noel (Tenor), Norman Grundy (Bartone), Gay Hartley (at the Piano).
4.15. WOMEN'S HOUR.
4.45.—KIDNIES HOUR.
5.0. Boy Scouts and Girl Guides News.
6.15.—Scholars' Half Hour: Monna's Poppin, H.A. (Paris), "Language Talk" (French).
7.0.—NEWS S.B. from London.
PERCY S. HOLES S.B. from London.
Radio Society Talk. S.B. from London.
Local News and Weather Forecast.
7.15-11.20. The entire Programme S.B. from London.
Announcer: W. B. Kemp.

CARDIFF

(Call Sign, 5WA. Wave-Length, 350 Metres.)

- 7.15. Falkland and his Orchestra relayed from the Capital Theatre.
8.0. "FIVE O'CLOCK": Mr. Isaac J. Williams, Keeper of Arts at the National Museum of South Wales. Insurance Artist. The Station Orchestra.
8.40.—Boy Scouts and Girl Guides News.
9.40.—THE HOUR OF THE "KIDNIES" WINKS.

ALTERATIONS TO PROGRAMMES, Etc.

AS THE RADIO TIMES goes to press many days in advance of the date of publication, it sometimes happens that the B.B.C. finds it necessary to make alterations or additions to programmes, etc., after THE RADIO TIMES has finally gone to press.

- 7.0.—NEWS S.B. from London.
PERCY S. HOLES S.B. from London.
Radio Society Talk. S.B. from London.
Local News.
7.15-11.20.—The entire Programme S.B. from London.
Announcer: A. Carlet Smith.

MANCHESTER

(Call Sign, 2ZY. Wave-Length, 375 Metres.)

- 11.30-12.30.—Concert by the "2ZY" Trio.
0. WOMEN'S HOUR.
5.25. Farmers' Weather Forecast.
5.30. CHILDREN'S HOUR.
6.15.—Boy Scouts and Girl Guides News.
6.25. FRANCIS J. STAFFORD, M.A., M.Ed.
French Talk.
7.0.—NEWS S.B. from London.
PERCY S. HOLES S.B. from London.
Radio Society Talk. S.B. from London.
Local News and Weather Forecast.
7.35. W. H. CRADOCK'S Glee and MADRIGAL PRIZE CHOIR.
Songs of the Fleet ... Stanford.
Bartone Solo and Choir.
(a) "Sailing at Dawn"; (b) "The Song of the Sea"; (c) "The Little Ad"; (d) "Farewell".
Part Song "The Deuce" (from the Bavarian Hymn ... Elgar.
F. H. MURKINSON (Solo Violoncello).
"Chant sans Paroles" ... Tchaikovsky.
Serenade ... Paganini.

- JEAN GORDON (Entertainer) in Selections from her Repertoire.
W. H. CRADOCK'S CHOR.
"Song of the Vikings" ... Panning.
8.15. MISS GORDON B. JACKSON or Hon. Jackson.
8.30. W. H. CRADOCK'S CHOR.
Part Songs, "In Autumn"; "In Silent Night"; "Fare Thee Well" ... Britten.
8.45. Jean Gordon (Entertainer) in Selections from her Repertoire.
9.0. T. H. MORRISON.
"All Ugarische" ...
9.15. W. H. CRADOCK'S CHOR.
North Country Folk Songs.
Come, Dearly Come ... Traditions.
9.30. NEWS S.B. from London.
Local News and Weather Forecast.
9.40.—THE MAGIC FLUTE, Act II S.B. from London.
10.30.—MR. ALLEN S. WALKER S.B. from London.
10.45.—THE MAGIC FLUTE, Act III S.B. from London.
11.20.—Close down.
Announcer: Victor Smylie.

NEWCASTLE

(Call Sign, 5NO. Wave-Length, 400 Metres.)

- 3.15. Concert: Ella Dent (Soprano), Dan Jacobs (Solo Saxophone).
4.4. WOMEN'S HOUR.
5.15. CHILDREN'S HOUR.
5.40. Scholars' Half Hour. Mr. J. J. ...
B.Sc., Talk on "Poets and Poetry" Part ...
6.30.—Boy Scouts and Girl Guides News.
6.40. Farmers' Corner.
7.0.—NEWS S.B. from London.
PERCY S. HOLES, S.B. from London.
Radio Society Talk. S.B. from London.
Local News and Weather Forecast.
7.15-11.20. The entire Programme S.B. from London.
Announcer: R. A. Pratt.

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(Feb. 8th.)

(Continued in col. 2, page 227)

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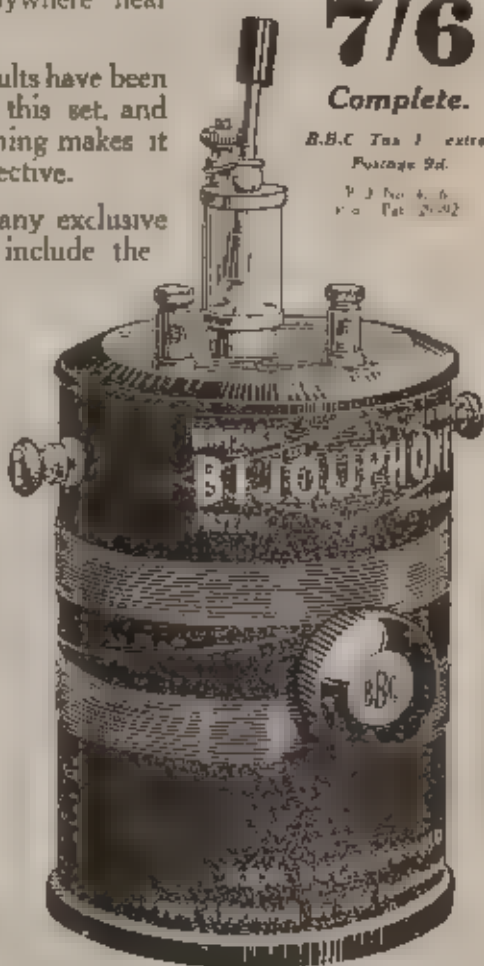
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—has a true tone**

Behind the Scenes of the B.B.C.

A Book About a Great Undertaking.



CAPTAIN G. A. LEWIS

FEW listeners have more than a vague idea of the extraordinary activities of the B.B.C. Few realise, too, that the present state of excellence in broadcasting has been reached in little over a year. In "Broadcasting from Within" (George Newnes, Ltd., 2s. 6d.) Captain G. A. Lewis, Organiser of Programmes at the B.B.C., tells the story of the Company's history.

It was in 1922 that the B.B.C. came into active being, and the handful of enthusiastic pioneers were faced with difficulties innumerable. "There we were," says Captain Lewis, "a round half-dozen people, with the whole Company's organization to set in motion, confronted with new and difficult problems on every side, with no precedents of past experience to go upon—and even without an office to work in."

Order Out of Chaos.

Eventually a large room was found in Kingsway, adjoining which was a small cubicle for the use of the General Manager.

Pandemonium reigned! The telephone never stopped ringing, the typewriters never stopped clicking, the duplicating machine duplicated for dear life, the office was bombarded from morning to night by the Press, the public, the wireless manufacturer, people of every kind and class who, for some reason or other, were

interested in broadcasting—and in the midst of all this strenuous activity, the policy and direction of the Company were maintained."

The first big experiment was the broadcasting of opera from Covent Garden—barely three months after the B.B.C.'s inception. An excited band of seven assembled in a little room on the top floor at Marconi House, where a loud speaker stood on the table.

Arranging the Programmes.

"Suddenly, with a loud click, it was thrown into circuit, and a confused babel of noises was let loose. At first indistinguishable, it soon became apparent that we were hearing the lack and rustling of programmes in the auditorium. Finally, there was a burst of clapping, which died down to dead silence, and was followed by two sharp raps, a second later the huge orchestra had leapt into its stride, swelled up to a great crash of brass and cymbals, which could be heard all down the corridor at Marconi House. Our excitement was immense."

Perhaps the most interesting portions of the book, from the listener's point of view, are those which describe the arranging and building up of the programmes. The tremendous amount of labour that these entail cannot, indeed, be realized unless you read Captain Lewis's description of the duties of the various people concerned.

It is safe to assert that no one who has read Captain Lewis's volume will put on the ear 'phones again without marveling at the remarkable organization that is subsisting to his, or her entertainment and instruction. (T)

The London Station Director.

By One Who Knows Him.

THERE is a personality at the Headquarters of the B.B.C. who has not yet been described in these pages, but about whom listeners are curious. He does a great deal of announcing, takes his due part in "Uncle-ing," and some



MR. R. F. PALMER

times, too, contributes to the programme by singing, though these, of course, are side issues where he is concerned. He is the London Station Director, Mr. R. F. Palmer.

He combines these various incidents with the more arduous task of collating the ELO programmes, and like many other B.B.C. officials, often begins his day at 9.30 and ends it somewhere between 10 and 11 at night.

"Ragged" by the Uncies.

Mr. Palmer is not too short and not too tall—that "in-between" size, you know—and he is rather good-looking. (That is mentioned for the benefit of his many wireless admirers, who have often declared that they are sure he, like his voice, must be "awfully nice.") He is remarkably free from the little tricks of manner which characterize most men, though when he speaks into the microphone, he has a habit of pulling at the flaps of his pockets, and patting himself here and there as though to reassure himself of his own existence. Probably he is merely concentrating on the song, or whatever matter is in hand, but that's what it looks like.

He is an old friend of the children as Uncle Rex, and his quiet manner is an excellent foil to the chaffing of the other Uncies, whom "ragging" he accepts with the best of good humour.

In Two Places at Once.

Always he is pleasant to have dealings with, and he is one of those people who are not only ready to do their own job but are quite ready also to help someone else out, without that grudging sort of assistance which is sometimes

given to the Studio during the progress of a broadcast. Mr. Palmer's readiness to explain the various intricacies of detail, and his apparent ability to be in two places at one time, as evidenced by his quick self-transportation from the Control Room to the Studio, if he seems a little breathless sometimes at the microphone, listeners may be sure that he has switched himself at no inconsiderable velocity from, say, the Control Room to the Studio, to the Studio to the Control Room, and so on, as the demands of the Wireless Orchestra.

Sirenous Timer.

Mr. Palmer has been associated with the London Station since the earliest days of its inception, so he is naturally very keen on its development. He has watched it grow, and prefers the steady development of the latter months to the first wild growth, which, in fits and starts, tried to break its bounds.

His attitude is perhaps a little cautious, when big innovations are discussed, but he has been through some very strenuous times, and must be glad to see the young Broadcasting giant properly yoked and working steadily.

Tuneless Celebrities.

Famous People Who Disliked Music.

IN view of the increased appreciation that is being shown nowadays of good music, owing to the fact that broadcasting is bringing first-class musical programmes into the homes of the people, it is interesting to note that many famous men have been practically devoid of any "tone sense" whatever.

Dean Stanley, for instance, the "little Arthur" of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," and in later life, a famous Dean of Westminster and a great favourite of Queen Victoria, was quite tuneless. The charm of the beautifully-toned organ which is one of the Abbey's great attractions, as well as the simplest hymn sung by the famous choir, were quite lost upon him. He had no ear for music, although he was a man of great culture and a lover of poetry and its rhythm.

A Dean With Two Tunes.

Strangely enough, another dean, much in the public eye, is tuneless. This is Dean Inge, who has earned, by his somewhat lugubrious views of life and his pessimistic utterances, the nickname of "The Gloomy Dean." Perhaps his deafness to tone, tune, and time is responsible for his pessimism, for a world without music must be rather a dull place.

However, Dean Inge can neither sing nor recognize tunes. The only two tunes he knows according to his own confession, are "God Save the King" and "D'y'e ken John Peel?"

Archbishop Temple used to tell a story against himself, how, at some mission, he was standing beside a big navy, and they were supposed to be singing "Onward, Christian

Soldiers." The great Archbishop was another cleric who was practically tone-deaf, but, like many other people who cannot sing, he was always willing to "do his best." The navy knew the tune and could sing, and he kept looking sideways at the archbishop until he could stand it no longer. At last, he whispered, hoarsely, "Shut up, can't ye? You're spoiling the show!"

Couldn't Learn "God Save the King."

Most people know that Charles Lamb was utterly and hopelessly deficient in musical gifts. He had no ear for music at all. He could not have sung the National Anthem if he had been offered a fortune for the performance, and he could not recognize it when sung by another. Yet he has put it on record that he had tried for years to learn "God Save the King" by humming it over in the most solitary places he could find, where no one was likely to overhear.

Robert Southey, who was the Poet Laureate and a very prolific poet, too, was utterly tuneless and lacking in any appreciation of music, and it is a remarkable fact that many poets have been almost equally deficient in any faculty of musical appreciation. Tennyson gave great offence to a lady composer who had been specially asked to play over and to sing her setting of one of his lyrics, by leaving the room muttering that he could not bear to hear his beautiful verses ruined.

Sir Walter Scott, although his poems gallop along in the most amazing rhythmic beats, had no ear for music.

A.B.C.

My Adventures in the Forbidden City.

A Talk from London, by Dr. William M. McGovern.

Although he is still under thirty, Dr. McGovern is one of the most remarkable of living explorers. His knowledge of the little-known country of Tibet and its people is unrivalled, and in the following talk he tells how he penetrated, in disguise, into the "Forbidden City" of Lhasa, the home of the mysterious Dalai Lama.]

FOR years out of memory Lhasa has been the mysterious unknown land of Asia, enshrouded in a mist of myth and strange tradition, to which adventurers and scientific explorers have turned their footsteps in a vain effort to pierce the gloom of ages. Many attempts have been made to penetrate through that inhospitable land, which forms the backbone of the world, and to reach sacred Lhasa, the Forbidden City, the seat of the Incarnate Buddha, the person of the Dalai Lama, Emperor and God to his people.

A Secret Adventure.

But few have gone far before being turned back, or even succumbing to the attacks of the merciless, foreigner-hating monks, whose resentment of intruders reveals itself in a violent manner. These red, or fighting, monks crowd together in celibate communities of many thousands, all over the land, sometimes their monastery housing as many as 5,000 turbulent and lawless fanatics. Such is the Drepung Monastery near Lhasa.

When in the East I developed a lively interest in Tibet, the language of which I studied for some while.

Later on, I formulated my plans of proceeding thence and in disguise to Lhasa.

The organization of the secret adventure took some time owing to the need for the utmost care to avoid any leaking of my intentions. When I had quietly enlisted a special servant, a couple of coolies, and a syce, purchased surreptitiously a couple of ponies and some mules and had laid in some special stores, I was ready to set out on what was ostensibly a tour round Sikkim for scientific purposes.

Lack of Food and Blinding Snow.

In order to avoid attracting attention, I led the way through Sikkim by deserted byways, avoiding villages as much as possible, up to the Pass Country. The travelling was arduous and in the passes we were met with blinding snowstorms which made progress most difficult. The weather became more and more threatening, and in our struggles forward we were absolutely exhausted, the animals being quite done up. Our food supplies ran out also, and we had to make for the village of Lachen to lay in fresh stocks.

It now became necessary to explain to my servants, who were hitherto in ignorance of my object, that I intended crossing the Kuru-la to enter Tibet. Also the time had come for me to assume some sort of disguise. Hitherto I had been satisfied with some European

dress, but our direction was now so obvious that I had to avoid too close attention on the part of natives we might encounter.

The next few days were a nightmare on which I do not care to dwell too long.

Under the Chumomo glacier, where we endeavoured to pitch camp one evening, the ground was frozen so hard that the iron tent pegs we carried were useless.

With great difficulty we crawled up and up to the 17,000ft. mark, and here realized we had won through, though almost too deaunted to rejoice in the fact.

I Become a Humble Cook.

With many a pause on the way, we reached at sunset an altitude of 18,000ft. and found the descending path, for the tempestuous winds which cut us to the bone had blown the snow into the gulches and ravines, leaving the earth exposed. We camped on the broad summit of the pass, and that night I revealed my whole plans to the servants, instructing each in his new rôle, particularly the dare-devil, "Satan," who was to assume the post of master, a merchant on pilgrimage to Holy Lhasa, while I became a humble cook, the latter to avoid detection.

A little putrid meat, a handful of barley flour, and the eternal tea being the only food, we were perpetually hungry and cold, added to this the fact that by now the Tibetans were aware that I was making for Lhasa and were searching high and low for me.

Fearing that in these circumstances Lhasa might be barred to me, I laid the path to Shigatse, the second city of Tibet, the seat of the Tashi Lama, whom I had the good fortune to see, and who ranks as equal to the Dalai Lama in spiritual matters.

From Shigatse we made for the Brahmaputra, and followed the course of this mighty river to

almost within sight of Lhasa.

When one day we came in sight of the Potals, the great palace of the Dalai Lama, I was so ill that I had to be carried into the city, which was crowded with monks. It was the beginning of the New Year period and the population had swollen from 20,000 to near a hundred thousand persons, the invaders being chiefly the turbulent fighting monks, whose violence and lawlessness render life a misery in Tibet.

An Amazing New Year.

We had difficulty in finding a place to rest in, but eventually prevailed on an official to house us, and I was dumped down in a bare room overlooking the central market square. Strangely enough, the man to whose house we had come was the official in charge of communications, the very man who had received the information that I was attempting to reach Lhasa and who had sent out the orders to the provincial officials to stop me and turn me out of the country.

The next morning I announced my presence to the city magistrates, who were somewhat upset, and, after deliberation, they advised me to keep closely indoors, because, as in the custom at New Year's period, the city was handed over to the monks of the nearby Drepung Monastery, the abbots taking charge for twenty-one days, while the ordinary authorities are deposed. These monks are the foreigner-hating fighting priests, whose excesses are hard to reconcile with their religious principles.

Disguised Amongst My Enemies.

Somewhat or other it leaked out that I was in the city, and the monks aroused the populace to make a demonstration. Crowds collected beneath my window and, urged on by the monks, who formed a great part of the demonstrators, throw stones and cried out for my blood. As entrance to the building was next to impossible, and as the crowd had no firearms, I felt fairly secure, and, donning my disguise, crept out by a back door and, joining the mob, lent my voice to the din, or occasionally threw a stone, though carefully avoiding my own window.

At last the time came to leave, and with an escort of Tibetan soldiers, I made my way back to India.



Dr. W. M. McGovern.



Mr. Y. R. Leset: "Great success, my new valve set, old man! Got America last night without any trouble."

Mr. Waggy: "Using dry cells, of course?"

(Feb. 3rd to
Feb. 9th.)

SUNDAY

Intormezzo, "Macbeth" (continued from p. 227)

WIRELESS PROGRAMME—GLASGOW (Feb. 3rd to Feb. 9th.)

The letters "S.B." printed in Italics in these Programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

SUNDAY.

(Call Sign, 580. Wave-Length, 420 Metres.)

3.0-5.0.—LIGHT SYMPHONY CONCERT
S.B. from Bournemouth

5.0-5.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER S.B. from Newcastle

8.30.—JOHN MACTAGGART (Tenor)
"Sweet Thoughts that Come at Eventide"

Palms No. 106 (Tune, "Dorfermbine")
8.40.—THE REV. D. FERGUS FERGUSON, of the Parish Church of Erskine. Religious Address

8.50.—HELEN W. NESBIT (Contralto)
Palms No. 121 (Tune, "French")
Easter Flowers

9.0.—John MacTaggart
The Sweetest Song of All

9.10.—DAVID F. McCALLUM (Solo Violin)
Praeludium and Gavotte

9.20.—Helen W. Nesbit
"Just Because of You"

9.30.—David F. McCallum
Narcotic Dances in E Minor
Plantation Song
Bullet Music from Rosemunde

9.40.—John MacTaggart
"Sometimes in My Dreams"

9.50.—David F. McCallum
Ave Maria

10.0.—S.B. from London
Local News and Weather Forecast

10.15.—Special Announcements. Close down
Announcer: Herbert A. Carruthers.

MONDAY.

3.30-4.30.—An Hour of Melody

4.45.—A TALK TO WOMEN

5.15.—THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

6.0.—Weather Forecast for Farmers

6.5.—Boys' Brigade News

7.0.—NEWS. S.B. from London

JOHN STRACHEY S.B. from London

Radio Association Talk. S.B. from London

Local News and Weather Forecast

7.40-8.30.—The entire Programme S.B. from London

Announcer: A. H. Swinton Paterson

TUESDAY.

3.0-3.30.—Norman Austin's "Musical Moments" relayed from La Scala Picture House

3.30-4.30.—An Hour of Melody

4.45.—A TALK TO WOMEN

5.15.—THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

6.0.—Weather Forecast for Farmers

7.0.—NEWS. S.B. from London

Local News and Weather Forecast

JOHN JACK (Director of Housing) on "The Housing Question."

Popular Night.

7.30.—ORCHESTRA.
Overture, "Marco Spinal"

7.40.—DAVID LAING
"This is My Only"

Pennmouth is a Fine Town

7.50.—Orchestra
Selection, "Carmen"

8.0.—D. MORELAND GRAHAM (Character)

The Dodger ("Oliver Twist")

Grandfather ("The Old Curiosity Shop")

Montague Tigg ("Martin Chuzzlewit")

8.14.—Orchestra
Suite, "Lakme Ballet"

8.25.—David Laing
La Serena

8.30.—The Road to the Stars

8.34.—Orchestra
March, "Nelson's Call"

8.40.—D. Moreland Graham.
Character Studies of (a) "Urah Hesp"

(b) "Mama"

(c) "Andra the Gardener" (D. M. Graham).

8.54.—David Laing
"Danny Boy"

9.0-9.30.—Interval

9.30.—NEWS. S.B. from London

Local News and Weather Forecast

9.45.—Orchestra
Selection, "La Reine de Saba"

10.0.—THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAWANA BANDS. Relayed from the Savoy Hotel, London

11.0.—Special Announcements. Close down.
Announcer: A. H. Swinton Paterson.

WEDNESDAY.

3.30-4.30.—An Hour of Melody

4.45.—A TALK TO WOMEN

5.15.—THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

6.0.—Weather Forecast for Farmers

7.0.—NEWS. S.B. from London

MR. HERALD HADDON S.B. from London

Local News and Weather Forecast

Special Play Night.

S.B. to Newcastle.

7.30.—ORCHESTRA
Overture, "Roderick Dhu"

7.40.—"CAMPBELL OF KILMARNOCK"
A One Act Play

by J. A. Ferguson

Scene: Interior of a lonely cottage on the ruins of Struan to Rannoch, in North Perthshire.

Time: After the Raising of 45

Characters:
Mary Stewart,
Young Struan,
Dugald Stewart,
Mrs. Stewart.

Produced by Charlotte Hennes

8.15.—Orchestra
Selection, "The Merry Widow"

8.25.—Suite, "Three Irish Dances"

8.30.—Interval

8.30.—NEWS. S.B. from London

8.45.—REQUEST ITEMS
Selection, "Samson and Delilah"

Waltz, "Blue Danube"

March, "The Middy"

10.30.—Special Announcements. Close down.
Announcer: Mungo M. Dewar.

THURSDAY.

3.30-4.30.—An Hour of Melody

4.45.—A TALK TO WOMEN

5.15.—THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

6.0.—Weather Forecast for Farmers

6.40.—Boy Scouts and Girl Guides News

7.0.—NEWS. S.B. from London

PERCY SCHOLER. S.B. from London

Radio Society Talk. S.B. from London

Local News and Weather Forecast

7.35.—ORCHESTRA
Overture, "Son and Saviour"

7.45.—ROBERT MURRAY (Entertainer at the Piano) Original Selections

8.0.—Talk on "World's Survey School"

8.15.—Miniature Suite

Waltz, "Tales From the Vienna Woods"

School on, "Aida"

8.45.—Robert Murray: Songs and Stories.

9.0-9.30.—Interval

9.30.—NEWS. S.B. from London

Local News and Weather Forecast

9.40.—THE MAGIC FLUTE, Act II

from London

10.30.—MR. ALLEN & WALKER S.B. from London

10.45.—THE MAGIC FLUTE, Act III

from London

11.0.—Close down

Announcer: Mungo M. Dewar

FRIDAY.

3.0-3.30.—Norman Austin's "Musical Moments" relayed from La Scala Picture House

3.30-4.30.—An Hour of Melody

4.45.—A TALK TO WOMEN

5.15.—THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

6.0.—Weather Forecast for Farmers

7.0.—NEWS. S.B. from London

G. A. ATKINSON S.B. from London

Local News and Weather Forecast

Dance Night.

7.30.—ORCHESTRA
Fox-trot, "Lupin"

Waltz, "The Blue Lagoon"

7.42.—ROBERT J. JOWIE on "Art and Science"

7.54.—Interval

One-step, "Keep on Never Mind"

Waltz, "When the Water Lilies Grow"

Highland Schottische

8.0.—Fox-trot, "Blue"

8.10.—Fox-trot, "It Gets You Hot and Bothered"

8.20.—Waltz, "Love Birds"

8.30.—Fox-trot, "Seven and Seven"

8.40.—Fox-trot, "If We Could Live on Love"

9.0-9.30.—Interval

9.30.—NEWS. S.B. from London

Local News and Weather Forecast

9.45.—Eighty-one Reel, "As Usual"

Waltz, "Red Moon"

9.55.—Fox-trot, "Love Dream"

10.0.—Fox-trot, "Social Life"

10.10.—Waltz, "Tang"

10.20.—Waltz, "Madame Pompadour"

10.30.—Fox-trot, "Idaho"

10.40.—Special Announcements. Close down

Announcer: Mungo M. Dewar

SATURDAY.

3.30-4.30.—An Hour of Melody

4.45.—A TALK TO WOMEN

5.15.—THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

6.0.—Weather Forecast for Farmers

7.0.—NEWS. S.B. from London

7.10.—JAMES KING F.S.Sc. on "X-Ray"

Local News and Weather Forecast

Popular Night.

7.30.—ORCHESTRA
Overture, "Hungary Rhapsody"

7.40.—JACK NEIL, Scottish Humorist and Song Writer

We've Went Awa' oor Holidays"

7.50.—PIRE BAND OF 5TH BATTALION HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY

(By kind permission of Lieut. Col. David E. Grant, Officer Commanding)

Slow March, "Maid of Marver"

March, "Craig-na-darroch"

8.0.—March, "Shepherd's Crook"

8.10.—Reel, "Pretty Marion"

8.20.—March, "H is of Perth"

(Continued in col. 3, page 227)



B.T.H. RADIO VALVES

are made in the same factory as the world-renowned Mazda lamps. They bear the B.T.H. monogram, the sign and symbol of perfect reception.



B5 TYPE 30 - each

The latest development, the B5 Valve, takes only 0.06 of an ampere, and can be operated from standard dry cells. It is fitted with a standard 4-pin cap, thus obviating the use of a special adaptor.

Filament volts 2.5 to 8 volts
Filament current 0.06 amp.
Anode voltage 20-30 volts

R TYPE 12 6 each

There is no better "general purpose" valve than this, the amber tinted B.T.H. "R" valve. It functions equally well as detector or amplifier, and in fact, gives excellent results on all circuits—reflex and otherwise.

Filament volts - 4 volts
Filament current 0.63 amp.
Anode volts - 40-60 volts



B4 TYPE 35/- each

The B4 Valve gives a considerably greater amplification than the ordinary "R" Valve, consumes little more than half the current required by the latter, and is



free from distortion. It is the ideal valve for loud speaker work.

Filament volts 8 volts
Filament current 0.25 amp.
Anode volts - 40-100 volts



To ensure Safety in Transit

B.T.H. Valves are sent out in specially strong cartons—as shown in the illustration. When packed for despatch the valve rests snugly in a thick felt jacket. In this way risk of breakage is reduced to a minimum.

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Wholesale only

Works : Rugby

London Office : Crown House, Aldwych, W.C.2

SUNDAY'S PROGRAMME.

(Continued from page 207)

NEWCASTLE.

- 9.55. *Choral*
 10.0. *Local News and Weather Forecast*
 10.15. *Choral*
 10.30. *Selection, "Cavalleria Rusticana"*
 10.45. *NEWS, S.B. from London*
 11.0. *Local News and Weather Forecast*
 11.15. *Choral*
 11.30. *Close down*
 Announcer: E. I. O'Donnell

MONDAY'S PROGRAMME.

(Continued from page 209)

NEWCASTLE.

- 9.45. *Choral*
 10.0. *WOMEN'S HALF HOUR*
 10.15. *CHILDREN'S HOUR*
 10.30. *Scholar's Half Hour, Mr. A. W. Dunn*
 10.45. *R.A., Talk on "Stories of the Nation"*
 11.0. *Choral*
 11.15. *NEWS, S.B. from London*
 11.30. *Local News and Weather Forecast*
 11.45. *Choral*
 12.0. *Close down*
 Announcer: E. C. Pratt

TUESDAY'S PROGRAMME.

(Continued from page 211.)

NEWCASTLE.

- 9.45. *MI HIEG, R. HINE (Solo 'Cello)*
 10.0. *Chanson "Triste" (Tchadovsky)*
 10.15. *Schlumber Song (Squire)*
 10.30. *Choral*
 10.45. *Selection, "Cavalleria Rusticana"*
 11.0. *NEWS, S.B. from London*
 11.15. *Local News and Weather Forecast*
 11.30. *Choral*
 11.45. *Selection, "Cavalleria Rusticana"*
 12.0. *Close down*
 Announcer: E. C. Pratt

FRIDAY'S PROGRAMME.

(Continued from page 217)

NEWCASTLE.

- 7.45. *LILY ADAMS (Contralto)*
 8.0. *Just a Spray of Rosemary*
 8.15. *WILLIAM LAWSON (Solo Voice)*
 8.30. *Melody of Love*
 8.45. *Song Without Words*
 9.0. *Lockwood*
 9.15. *Orchestra*
 9.30. *Scholar's Half Hour, Mr. A. W. Dunn*
 9.45. *R.A., Talk on "Stories of the Nation"*
 10.0. *Choral*
 10.15. *NEWS, S.B. from London*
 10.30. *Local News and Weather Forecast*
 10.45. *Choral*
 11.0. *Selection, "Cavalleria Rusticana"*
 11.15. *NEWS, S.B. from London*
 11.30. *Local News and Weather Forecast*
 11.45. *Choral*
 12.0. *Close down*
 Announcer: C. E. Parsons

ABERDEEN PROGRAMME.

(Continued from page 223)

FRIDAY.

- 8.5. *"MACBETH," Act III, Scene 4*
 (Abridged)
 Lady Macbeth JOYCE TREMAYNE
 Macbeth R. E. JEFFREY
 8.15. *Choral*
 8.30. *THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR*
 Act I, Scene 3, and Act IV, Scene 1
 Duke of Venice LAWRENCE WOOD
 Antonio G. R. HARVEY
 Bassanio R. E. JEFFREY
 Gratiano W. D. SIMPSON
 Slylock R. E. JEFFREY
 Portia JOYCE TREMAYNE
 Nerissa DAISY MONCUR
 9.0. *Interval*
 9.15. *NEWS, S.B. from London*
 9.30. *Local News and Weather Forecast*
 9.45. *Orchestra*
 10.0. *"ROMEO AND JULIET"*
 Act II, Scene 2 (Abridged)
 Juliet DAISY MONCUR
 Romeo R. E. JEFFREY
 10.15. *Orchestra*
 10.30. *Overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor"*
 Announcer: C. E. Parsons

- 10.20. *THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, Act III, Scene 3 (Abridged)*
 Mrs. Page JOYCE TREMAYNE
 Mrs. Ford DAISY MONCUR
 Falstaff R. E. JEFFREY
 Polixenes W. D. SIMPSON
 10.30. *Close down*
 Announcer: H. J. McKee

SATURDAY.

- 3.30-4.30. *The Wireless Quartette, Nancy Lee, L.R.A.M. (Solo Violin), and Andrew Watson (Solo Cello)*
 5.0. *WOMEN'S HALF HOUR*
 5.30. *CHILDREN'S HOUR*
 6.0. *WOMEN'S HALF HOUR*
 7.0. *NEWS, S.B. from London*
 7.15. *THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA*
 Incidental Music to "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" (Quentin H. Maden)
 7.30. *THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK*
 A Play in Three Acts by Jerome K. Jerome, under the direction of J. J. C. L. TREMAYNE
 The Characters
 JOYCE TREMAYNE
 ELISABETH TAVANET
 DAISY MONCUR
 CHRISTINE COLE
 LUCY COOPER
 G. R. HARVEY
 R. E. JEFFREY
 W. D. SIMPSON
 8.0. *Interval*
 8.30. *Dance Music*
 10.30. *NEWS, S.B. from London*
 10.45. *Local News and Weather Forecast*
 11.0. *Close down*
 Announcer: W. D. Simpson

GLASGOW PROGRAMME.

(Continued from page 225)

SATURDAY.

- 8.2. *WILLIAM FLETT (Tenor)*
 "Dear Little Rose"
 "My Sweetheart When a Boy"
 8.12. *Orchestra*
 Selection, "Carmen"
 8.22. *Jack Neil*
 "The Schoolboy" (With Patter)
 "A Wee Bit and Ben Among the Heather"
 8.30-10.45. *The entire Programme S.B. from London*
 Announcer: A. H. Swinton Paterson

WIRELESS FOR FIRE BRIGADES.

EXPERIMENTS in the use of wireless telephony have recently been made by some of the large fire brigades, and when they come to use it officially they will use a wavelength of 320 metres, which has been specially allotted to them by the Postmaster-General. Recent experiments have not, so far, been very satisfactory in areas of an industrial character, because tall factory buildings with their machinery and metalwork "screen" the wireless waves and so cut them out. The only way of overcoming this difficulty will be to use much higher power in the transmission, when the 320 metre wavelength will be found to be very suitable for the purpose.

To ensure getting the "Radio Times" regularly, ask your newsagent to deliver your copy every Friday.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY
UNCLE CARACTACUS

"Typo," The Office Fairy.

HILLO children!

Here is a funny story from Uncle Mungo about a curious office fairy they have got up in Glasgow called "Typo." Listen to what he has got to say—

The fairies who are the chiefs of their various calangs at Glasgow have petitioned me to write and tell you children about their work. The way in which they caught me was this: Just as I arrived at the door of the studio to be ready for you and Mr. Mike a crowd of fairies barred my way and greeted me with shouts of "Luck Mungo, won't you tell the children about the unseen and silent members of the Station? If you don't, we will take the Chime Fairy away!"

Well, what would you have done? I agreed to do so at once, and as I was about to start I was ever so glad to be able to tell you about their interesting and useful work, and give you "a peep behind the scenes" at a Broadcasting Station.

Like Fairy Pianos.

"Typo," the office fairy, is perched on my shoulder at the moment and whispering into my ear. "Can I write to the children myself and tell them my own story?"

"Certainly we would, but I shall have to hold your hand and are you ready? Off we go!"

"I am just a plain little fellow and am known by the name of Typo. The title sounds plain, doesn't it? When I arrived in Fairyland all the fairies were busy making these machines, with the letters of the alphabet set out in front of them—CAPITALS and small letters all nicely mixed up—not a bit like the alphabet I was taught, and, our toadstool schoolroom in the wood. Perhaps you know that they call these strange things like fairy pianos "typo writers" and naturally enough, seeing that I had to commence work in the office to help Queen Moir and all my younger brothers and sisters, the name given to me was 'Typo'.

Sorting the Mail

"Still, I like it, but care for my work very much more. I commence at the very morning, and feel so excited when pushing the big glass door open, because just inside hangs the key which opens the door of the letter-box. My heart jumps and thumps as I open it, wondering if there are many letters full of heaps of love and millions of kisses for Auntie and the Uncles. The great big envelopes—almost as big as myself—make me tremble, they always seem to say, 'Yes, I am from Head Office and must be attended to at once.' Gathering the great pile in my arms, I struggle upstairs to the office and there sort the mail.

"Then comes another joy, that of scanning the morning papers to see if there is any special note for my brother fairies to attend to. Would you like to know their names? They are known as Minnetta, Chrono, Resono, Earlo, Quisto, Modulo and Sympho, and they will speak to you later on, if Uncle Caractacus has any room to spare.

These special notes are cut out very carefully and put into a big book for future reference. During the forenoon I give as much help as I can in the office, and run out with letters to that red giant at the corner of the street. There is no appeasing his hunger, because each time

I visit him his mouth is always open asking as it were, for more and more and more.

"After making my lunch off a blackberry and hazel nut, I am ready to go round to the newspaper offices with great sheets of paper on which are all sorts of funny markings that only the grown-up people can read.

"On returning, I stamp all the mail, enter it all in my post book and set off, wondering if this awful will satisfy the red-coated giant. He is such a strange, unfriendly being, too never a 'Good morning' nor a 'Good-evening' do I get from him—he just seems to be made for staring. Still, children, he really is a good friend to Auntie and the Uncles at 6.30. Does he not expect letters to all the dear ladies and kindles, and

never know the day when they too will be chiefs, and perhaps a King or Queen in Fairyland? Aren't we lucky to have such a good King?"

"There is such a funny notice on the door of the office where I work. Would you like to know what it says? Well, it says—

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

"This is a door. With a little gentle persuasion it will open. The occupants of this room extend their heartiest invitation to all to try this great new novelty—there is absolutely no charge.

"Believe me, through these kindly persuasive words, we are hardly ever bothered now with the older fairies leaving the door open to cause draughts, which bring on terrible colds.

"Uncle Mungo says that I must stop now, because he has heaps of work to do for me to post, so I must hurry away."

Isn't it wonderful? A "Corner" on Sundays from 5 o'clock to 5.30 all to ourselves—the Fairy's Contract will require to have another clause added with regard to this "extra" but "amateur" says she will be there all right to strike the fairy clauses.

"Let Glasgow Flourish."

The Competition—when you were asked to send in the names of the stories you liked best at the "Corner" ended in Jack Hardy topping the list, with Sabo, the Fruwiger, a close second. Seeing that you have all commenced so well with these competitions, we want you all to keep trying for each one as they are so numerous. Uncle Caractacus told me the other day that our amount of letters for a week was far below the amount of letters we had last week. Well, that will never do. We must all will it, kiddies! "Let Glasgow Flourish." Next time I write I want to be able to tell you that we are at the top of the list.

Auntie is becoming such an expert at conundrums that she is now being called "The Queen of Conundrums."

—that last word is almost as difficult for the tongue as Uncle Caractacus' name. Do you know, I often wonder how he manages to get it through the microphone—I feel sure that Mr. Mike always trembles violently when he broadcasts it.

The Birds' "Good Morning."

Here's something that will give you lots of fun, during the time that you are waiting for 6.30 p.m. Just ask your mother or father to put some crumbs on the sill of your bedroom window, and you will be surprised at the number of feathered friends who will come along and say "good morning" to you. During the winter the birds have a very hard time of it, and all the girls and boys have a splendid opportunity of being of real service to the hungry little creatures.

Now, don't forget, kiddies! Glasgow, your very own Station, must top the list with letters, and you will help me to do it, won't you?

With best love,

Your affectionate

UNCLE CARACTACUS

(Continued on the facing page.)



WHAT IS UNCLE SAYING?

[This photograph, sent by Mrs. M. Archer, 5, Beaulieu Villas, Finsbury Park, N 4, was awarded a consolation Prize in the B.B.C.'s recent Brighter Britain Competition.]

see to it that they receive their Radio Circle Badges? Of course he does! and because of that I love him and forgive his seeming rudeness to me.

"I love my Station very much and with all the other fairies am working hard to make the first in the country. But, kiddies, don't forget we need your help. Write as often as you can, and send as many suggestions as come into your heads. All the fairies here hold wee conferences, presided over by the King and Queen of all Fairyland, and we plot and plan, and make suggestions for stories, games, songs, music, all just for your very own selves. You have no idea how proud I am to think that the King and Queen listen to us little ones putting forth our ideas—then when they are all linked up together, we always get something to help along this wonderful science and recreation known to you as broadcast.

A Funny Notice.

At these meetings the King and Queen always say, 'Now, you fairies who are chiefs in your own little state must listen to and help the tiny ones, and be ready to take their ideas if they are better than your own, because you

The Children's Corner. (Continued from the facing page.)

SABO AND THE SPIDERS.

By E. W. Lewis.

WHEN Isobel gave Sabo a place upon the writing desk in the morning, she told him to keep it clean and tidy; and particularly to see that no spiders came to make their webs in the corners.

"I put you in charge," she said.

Sabo felt proud, and promised that he would do his best.

One day when he found a big spider had been spun in the night, and he was a great deal surprised. So he chased them off.

"We're not doing any harm," they cried.

"You're making a mess, which is worse," said Sabo.

"But where can we go?" said the spider.

"Anywhere you like," replied Sabo, "but not here. There's lots of other places."

They dodged him in and out of the paper-holes and among the blotting paper, but at last he drove them over the edge of the desk.

Sabo, who had a kind heart, was sorry he might have hurt themselves in dropping, but when he went to see, he found to his surprise that they were letting themselves down to the floor quite gently by means of a silk rope.

That's a trick worth knowing, he said to himself, and wished that he had known it the morning when the Bheobottle had persuaded him to walk on the ceiling.

The two spiders had themselves underneath the desk. One was called Nibbs and the other Nabbs. They were great friends, and had decided to live together, in the same nest, all their lives.

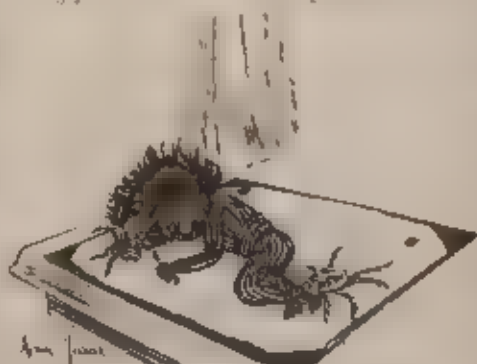
The next night, to Sabo's disgust, they spun another web in the same place; and the night

after that, and still another; but Sabo gave them no rest.

So they put their heads together.

"I know what we will do," said Nibbs, and he whispered.

So the next night, when Sabo was asleep, Nibbs and Nabbs crept stealthily out from their hiding-places and made him a prison.



Nibbs began at his head and Nabbs at his feet.

Nibbs began at his head and Nabbs at his feet. They fastened one end of a silk rope with a dab of glue to the blotting paper, ran over the sleeping Sabo, carrying the rope with them, and fastened it tightly down to the blotting paper on the other side. They did this many times.

"Thus will teach him!" said Nibbs.

"He won't get out of this in a hurry," said Nabbs.

To and fro they went, and up and down,

and how often they went, until Sabo was covered with a thick web of silk.

"It's a lovely blanket for my!" said Nabbs.

"I don't like the neck!" said Nibbs. "What if I saw a nice little fat chrysalis inside a cocoon, or like a sleeping Princess beneath a lily white veil?"

He was so sound asleep that he did not stir.

"I wish he was good to eat," said Nabbs.

"Have a life!" said Nibbs.

But they did not eat. They were so tired, they sat side by side on Sabo's shoulder, and dozed away into the loveliest dreams of monster love, dreams of monster

love. Nibbs and Nabbs were so tired, they dozed through the night, and when Sabo started, Nibbs and Nabbs were gone.

away and sat on the edge of one of the paper-holes, to watch the

Sabo was not at all surprised. He must have felt a

pull on his mouth, for he blew a great breath. The web heaved like a troubled wave, but did not break.

Nibbs and Nabbs nudged each other. They Sabo began to stir.

Hi! Let me see! Let me see! Let me see!

Nibbs ran up to his ear and shouted. "You Nabbs followed, and shouted 'Yoh'."

Sabo was furious. The web strained and stretched. Then he blew such a mighty breath that a big hole appeared, and bits of web flew high in the air. And then, with a great shout, he kept to his feet, sputtering, dusting himself.

Nibbs and Nabbs were frightened at the sight and sound of such fury; and, dropping to the floor, they escaped.

It was not a long day, but it was a long day to come back again.

(Another "Sabo" Story Next Week.)

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Readers' Own Humour.

Funny Stories Told by Listeners.

IN recent issues of *The Radio Times* readers were asked to send accounts of funny things they had seen and heard in connection with wireless. This week we print a further selection, for which payment will be made.

We were listening the other day to a programme when, placed the headphones over our ears. He listened for a few moments, but as soon as he heard the strains of music, he sprang up and ran out of the house.

Now, by a cruel fate, there happened to be an innocent street musician playing just outside and the dog flew at him in a transport of fury. It took strenuous efforts to separate the pair, when we hastened to explain the situation to the musician.

Wireless? he enquired. So he may be; but he certainly isn't toothless!—F. B. E. DAWK, Birmingham.

A New Use for Aerials.

Some time ago, I was chatting with a neighbour about wireless. I had not put up my aerial at the time, and I remarked that I should need a fairly strong pull for it.

'Yes,' he said, 'I suppose you will need a stout pole to support the machine with.'

He thought, but he wireless set had to be supported on top of the aerial mast!—F. J. FARR, Jersey.

A little boy who was taken by his mother to a fair, on seeing some acrobats on a trapeze, said: 'Mummy, do those people practise on the aerials when they are not performing here?'—Miss E. WEISER, London, W.

While at a friend's home not long ago, an old woman called and was shown the wireless set. She was very interested, and on being told that it was operated by a crystal, she remarked: 'Those crystals are simply wonderful things! A friend of mine once had one in which also could see things that were going to happen.'

B. H. GORDON, Manchester.

Ohms and Homes.

While showing a friend, who is a stranger to wireless, a new pair of headphones, I happened to say that they were a 4,000 ohms pair.

'What?' he exclaimed. 'Do you mean to tell me that the people in 4,000 homes can hear the wireless with these things?'—W. HOPLEY, London, S.E.

A little boy of six was listening during the 'Woman's Hour.' After a few minutes he said he couldn't hear anything, but that he had heard someone saying: 'Take two eggs.'

I investigated and found that there was a temporary breakdown and told him so. 'Breakdown?' he echoed. 'Then I expect those two eggs are broken?'—Miss RAYSON, London, N.

While listening recently, we heard someone speaking about the difficulties caused by atmospheric conditions.

My little girl turned to me and said: 'That's surely a new Auntie! I've never heard of her before.'

On asking her what she meant, she replied: 'Didn't you hear him say that Miss Ferriek's quite plainly?'—A. D. N. McFARLAY, Glasgow.

Foreign Stations.

FRANCE.

Eiffel Tower. FL. Paris. 2,800 metres.

8.40 to 7.0 a.m.; 11.0 to 11.30 a.m.; 3.40 to 4.0 p.m.; 5.30 to 7.20 p.m.; 10.0 to 10.30 p.m.

Compagnie Française de Radiophonie (Emission Radiola). SFR. Paris. 1,780 metres. 12.30 to 2.0 p.m.; 4.30 to 5.0 p.m.; 8.30 to 10 p.m. (On Sundays and Thursdays Radio Dancing at 10 p.m. Close down at 10.45).

L'Ecole Supérieure des Postes et Télégraphes. 450 metres.

Sunday, 9.0 p.m.; Tuesday, 8.15 to 9.25 p.m.; Wednesday, 9.0 p.m.; Thursday, 9.0 p.m.; Friday, 9.0 p.m.; Saturday, 9.0 p.m.

SWITZERLAND.

Radio Station Marconi. TSP. Geneva. 1,100 metres.

Wireless transmissions daily (Sundays excepted), 1.15 to 1.30 p.m.

Lausanne. HB2. 1,100 metres. 4 p.m. Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday; 7 p.m. Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday.

GERMANY.

Koenigswusterhausen. LP. Berlin. 4,000 metres.

6.0 to 7.0 a.m.; 11.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m., 4.0 to 4.30 p.m.

These times of transmission are Greenwich meantime.

AMERICA.

General Electric Co. WGY, Schenectady, N.Y. 380 metres.

Radio Corporation of America. WJZ. New York, N.Y. 455 metres.

John Wansmaker. WOO. Philadelphia, Pa. 509 metres.

L. Kamburger and Co. WOR. Newark, N.J. 405 metres.

Post Dispatch. KSD. St. Louis, Mo. 546 metres.

Rensselaer Poly. Inst. WHAZ. Troy, N.Y. 380 metres.

THE PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION to 'The Radio Times' (including postage to any part of the world) SIX MONTHS, 6s. 6d.; TWELVE MONTHS, 12s. 6d.

Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., have now prepared a handsome case in red cloth with gilt lettering for 'The Radio Times,' complete with cord down the back to hold a copy of this publication. A pencil is indispensable to the listener during the course of the programme, and this is included conveniently in a slot at the side. Listeners should order this to-day from any Newsagent. It is published at 2s. 6d. or send 4d. extra to cover postage for a case from the Publisher, 2-11, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

LETTERS FOR THE EDITOR should be addressed to 'The Radio Times,' 2-11, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.2.

LETTERS FOR THE R.B.C. should be sent to 2, Savoy Hill, W.C.2.

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Letters From Listeners.

A Plea for More Dance Music

Dear Sir, - I should like to thank you for the fine programmes you provide, but may I express a wish that there shall be more dance music? On looking at Saturday's programme in *The Radio Times*, I noticed that the usual dance music would not be played, and as this is about the only evening in the week that dance music is played before 9 p.m., I was, naturally, disappointed.

I hope that future programmes will again contain the enjoyable dance music items.

Yours truly,

London, N.W.

M.P.

Our correspondent, we are sure, must appreciate that the B.B.C. has to cater for a very large audience, to many of whom dance music is distasteful. During the last few weeks, and particularly during Christmas week, they supplied a very large amount of dance music. They are hoping to transmit this type of music three nights a week in future.]

Valves v. Crystals.

To Sir, - Your correspondent, R.R. writes that crystal-set users are indifferently interested people and that they are outnumbered by the valve-set users.

I venture to suggest that he rather speaks of a particular well-to-do resident of district or from a lack of knowledge and observation of the true facts.

It is, without fear of contention, that in

all industrial districts it is the simple crystal set that is responsible for the forest of aerials that anyone can see in all such districts, and to say that their owners are not keenly interested is a misrepresentation. Those who can only invest in a crystal set are quite as enthusiastic as those who are fortunate enough to be able to purchase a valve set.

If a census could be taken of wireless sets in use I am confident that it would be found that crystal sets would outnumber valve sets by at least 8 to 1.

I should also like to mention that we "indifferently interested" crystal-set users do not spoil the reception of valve-set owners like they do ours by their oscillations, howling, etc.

Yours truly,

BIRMINGHAM.

"CRYSTAL SET."

Need for an Empire Patent.

Sir, - The talk recently broadcast by Sir William Bull gave the British public a timely reminder of the great national importance of keeping up-to-date in applied science—a necessity forced on our attention during the war by a well-known fact of being for often.

The speaker referred to the subject of an Empire Patent, and no one familiar with the facts could deny the stimulating effect which such a scheme would have on industry, when once the objections of vested interests in the Colonies had been overcome. The value of the British Patent could also be improved by extending the area of search. At present, the patentee can feel practically certain that his invention, as accepted, is free from anticipation

by prior British patents, but he has no guarantee with regard to anticipation by foreign patents and by publications other than patent specifications, to which the Patent Office search does not extend.

Yours faithfully,

T.H.

THE HUMAN AERIAL

ACCORDING to Professor A. M. Low the human body makes a first-class aerial. All you have to do," he says, "is to stand on a couple of timbers and grasp the horizontal of the set with a wet finger and thumb. When one has made aerial contact with the atmospheres will be largely eliminated.

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Type of Valve.	1 Valve	2 Valves	3 Valves	4 Valves	5 Valves	Battery Type.
Ordinary Bright Emitter ...	1 CZ 2-1 28 23/6	3 CZ 4-1 28 49/-	3 CZ 6-1 28 63/-	3 CX 5-1 26 78/6	3 CX 6-1 25 89/-	Burning Hours. Price.
Type "R" Dull Emitter ...	1 HZ 2 100 17/6	1 HZ 2 40 17/6	1 HZ 3 40 21/-	1 HZ 4 40 24/6	1 HZ 4 30 24/6	Battery Type. Burning Hours. Price.
Pen-Not Dull Emitter ...	1 DTG 36 5/-	1 HZ 2 75 17/6	1 HZ 2 43 17/6	1 HZ 3 50 21/-	1 HZ 3 37 21/-	Battery Type. Burning Hours. Price.
Os Amp. Dull Emitter ...	2 DTG 290 10/-	2 DTG 106 10/-	2 DTG 60 10/-	2 DTG 38 10/-	2 DTG 27 10/-	Battery Type. Burning Hours. Price.

Prices are uncharged, without acid, save the DTG type, which is supplied fully charged and needs only acid adding to be ready for service.

High Tension Batteries and other types of LT Batteries are listed in Leaflet 4027. — ASK FOR COPY.

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